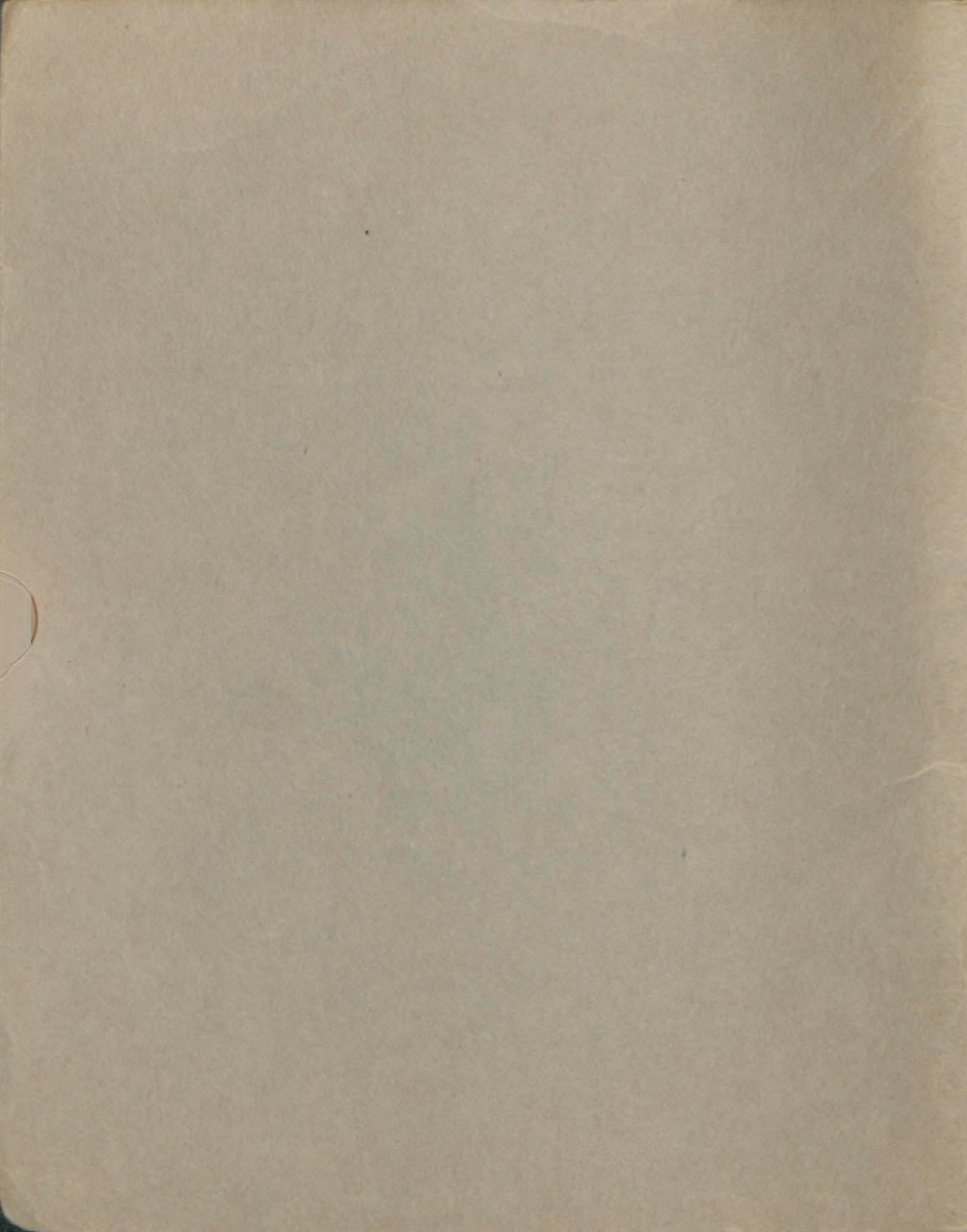


Alexander Hamilton
Empress Josephine
Crispus Attucks
The Opening of the
New Field Museum
Poetry and Short Stories

BY

EUGENE P. SEWELL

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

July 1, 1923, I wrote my first preface for a small book; to-night, January 28, 1924, at nine o'clock, I write a second one. The book for which I am now writing this one, which has 30,888 words, is much larger than my previous production, for the preceding consists of 11,000 words. Hereupon, dear reader, we see a great difference, a comparison that arouses interest in quality and quantity. Hence, to read this book, which, not being very large, can be read by a fast reader within three hours—three hours of interesting reading, I assure you.

A few words of necessary comprehension to elucidate the understanding of "The Opening of the New Field Museum." I have written an unpublished novel, which, being entitled "The King of Melancholy," I have depicted the two characters who enact their part in "The Opening of the New Field Museum." Thinking that my reader would like to enjoy the contemplation of such an historical narrative, I have not neglected said literary desire of an herein insertion, whereupon you may promenade throughout the palace of nature, seeing here a variety of geologicals, there the diamonds, rings, crowns, and scepters of ancient kings. Finally, concerning "The Opening of the New Field Museum," let me communicate a little secret to you. I am the king of melancholy; I am Lorenzo Lucchesi, the artist, and Birtha is a loving, dear, angelic creature of my imagination, a phantom of love, a spirit of happiness! It is she, her beautiful eyes, her velvet lips, her tender hands; she, her entire self, a dream playing within my soul, a ghost of heaven with wings of Venus and kisses of Adonis—she and I in one!

Ah, I am going away from the rules of composition, for, you may say, "I have no unity in my preface." Well, let us return, then, whereupon you will forgive me for such a little rhetorical violation.

I have given to the poetic world my first canto of "The Burning World." It will be seen that I have written many lines that rhyme, whereupon, on a sudden, I have discontinued doing so. Why? For this reason: I find that, at times, it takes more time to write poetic expressions, simultaneously giving educational information, that will have perfect rhyme. This being the case, I have changed a beautiful, easy, balmy style, being instructive, entertaining, and elevating. Thus, that a poet is one who sees beauty in all creation, in love, the storm, the rising sun, and war, I am, in the true sense of the word, a poet—let those judge who may.

I will not say a word in this introduction concerning Alexander Hamilton, Empress Josephine, and Crispus Attucks; I will not even philosophize my various poems and short stories. But I will, dear reader, let you be the judge. So be it.

EUGENE P. SEWELL.

Chicago, January 28, 1924.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Every age has its great men, men of various countries, those within whom we can find biographical consolation, receive inspired thoughts, having our imagination aroused with scenes of celebrity, actions of the brave, the good, the immortal. Bring forth any age, country, or renowned personage, then contemplate said time, place, and being, and we will not find, biographically, the life of one human being more interesting, more worthy of historical consideration than he upon whom we now contemplate.

January 11, 1757, in the West Indian island of Nevis, Alexander Hamilton was born; thus, in 1769, being twelve years of age, he entered the counting-house of a merchant in Saint Croix, where he acquired habits of order and methodical industry. In 1772, he was sent to New York, whereupon, in the following year, 1773, he entered King's College; in July, 1774, he addressed the citizens of New York in a public speech, which was inspired by the spirit of freedom, causing him to be highly applauded. On the other hand, in March, 1776, he applied himself to the study of military tactics, and was appointed captain of a company of artillery. Hence, he served with distinction at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, and was appointed aide-de-camp to General Washington—with the rank of lieutenant, in the month of March, 1777.

Hereupon he gained the special favor and confidence of Washington, who employed him as secretary, becoming the depositary of the most secret thoughts of his chief, and the organ of their promulgation; he also assisted in planning campaigns and devising means to support the army. On the other hand, November, 1777, being only twenty years of age, he was sent to Albany to urge General Gates to send reinforcements to the army of Washington; June, 1778, he took an active part in the battle of Monmouth, whereupon he was highly commended for his conduct in said affair. In 1780 he married Eliza, a daughter of General Schuyler, of Albany, and, in February, 1781, retired from the staff and military family of Washington. Contrariwise, in the spring of 1780, he wrote a celebrated letter to James Duane on the state of the nation, in which he urged the necessity of a new constitution, expressing the opinion that "Congress should have complete sovereignty in all that relates to war, peace, trade, finance, simultaneously to manage foreign affairs," and so on; here he also recommended a national bank, and, in July, 1781, he obtained command of a battalion of the army of Washington; he led this body at the siege of Yorktown, and took a redoubt

by assault on the 14th of October, 1781. This being the case, on the capture of the British army at Yorktown, which virtually ended the war, he applied himself to the study of law, at the same time retaining his rank in the army, declining to receive pay.

The distinction of Alexander Hamilton among the founders of the government of the United States of America surpasses that of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, and Sherman; among these illustrious men, great contemporaries of his time, Hamilton surpassed as a gallant soldier, an eloquent orator, a persuasive writer, a skillful financier, a successful administrator, and a political philosopher practical as well as wise, being worthy to be compared in political debate with Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Webster; in organization with Cavour and Bismarck, in Finance with Sully, Colbert, Robert Morris, and Gladstone. At length, Guizot, pointing to three portraits hung upon the walls of his library, said: "Hamilton, among those men, I consider my best friend, a man of profound intellect, one whose personality is a part of myself." On the other hand, Jefferson has called him the Colossus of the Federalists, whereupon Spencer has said that he is the greatest man that the country has produced.

Alexander Hamilton, you, Hamilton of Hamiltons, father of statesmanship, king of your time, one whose picture decorates the halls of the art galleries of the world! I can see your philosophical eyes penetrating the souls of men, devouring the contents of books, looking into the destiny of the future! Behold! before you, behind you, below and above you, just as the great Alexandre Dumas, père, has been surrounded, so do I see you, see you with the country at your feet—senators, lawyers, representatives, judges, all, awaiting your counsel, the advice of Publius!

Biographical dictionaries and encyclopedia have the life of him; his son has written a life of him, Lodge and many others; James Kent has praised him highly, while Allibone, Talleyrand, Gouverneur Morris, Story, Webster, Daniel C. Gilman have written and delivered orations on him. Here we see that he has become an immortal American, one who laughed at plots, intrigues, and threats; he was a leader of leaders, one who really did the thinking of his time. Thus, as Lodge has said, he was pre-eminently a leader of leaders: "Fortunately, a good deal of the thinking of his time is now irrevocably fixed in the Constitution, the laws, the administration, and the institutions of this country, while the name of Hamilton stands above reproach among the immortals."

Come, dear reader, let us form an image of Hamilton in our minds. Here he stands before us, a small, lithe figure, being instinct with life, erect and steady in gait, having a

military presence, one without the intolerable accuracy of a martinet; his general address indicates beauty, energy, and activity of mind. He has a bright, ruddy complexion, bright colored hair, a mouth infinite in expression with a sweet smile being most observable, while his eyes are lustrous with meaning and reflection, or glancing with quick canny pleasantry, his whole countenance being decidedly Scottish in form and expression; his forehead is lofty, capacious, and prominent, which betoken the possessor of a masterly intellect. Thus, we now hear his voice, one that is musical, exact in pronunciation, correct in articulation, while his manner, his gesticulations, are frank and impulsive. On the other hand, his ordinary dress is a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white silk waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, and white stockings.

The great intellectual qualities of the mind of Alexander Hamilton were a clear, vigorous, reasoning faculty, a chaste, prolific imagination, whereupon he possessed a rare and beautiful proportion of these mental qualities; on the other hand, in the discussion of any subject, he seized hold of the main points with the vigor of an intellectual giant, manipulating them gracefully, being in a philosophical state of the greatest ease. Hence, no matter how abstruse the details of a discussion or an inquiry was to other men, his well trained, powerful intellect followed and unraveled all its intricacies, exposing them clearly; no matter how profound a theme was, Hamilton easily and perseveringly sounded its lowest, obscurest depths, revealing them plainly to the observation of men. Here we see that he was always thorough and exhaustive in his researches, as his reports as Secretary of the Treasury will clearly evince. Moreover, he went to the profundity of every subject; for, having arranged his premises plainly and fairly, he argued from said premises with the most logical clearness, accuracy, and force, his reasoning forming a chain of iron that a giant could not break, a chain, though ponderous and powerful, was a gilded one, because it was burnished with all the beauty and polish of a rich imagination. Few writers in our language, not even those who have cultivated elegance and euphony of style as their sole accomplishment, and whose entire attention has been devoted to the labor limae, excelled him in this particular. His essays, pamphlets, and reports are masterpieces, each being perfect, symmetrical, and finished in itself.

Let us go a little farther into the intellect of this great American character. As a financier, not less than a statesman, Hamilton showed exceptional ability, having the rare qualities of intellect that enabled him to perceive the legitimate sources of revenue, proper conditions of national credit, and the best method of distributing over a term of years the payment re-

quired by the emergencies of the State. Commerce and trade were palsied, currency was wanting, confidence was shaken, and counsels were conflicting; these difficulties were stimulants to the mind of Hamilton, whereupon he mastered the situation; for he proposed remedies, secured support, and restored credit. Now, from his time to the present, in peace and war, notwithstanding temporary embarrassments and occasional panics, the finances of the government have been sound, its obligations being accepted wherever offered; in the long line of honest and able secretaries who have administered the treasury, Hamilton represents the first and greatest financier.

His literary and scientific attainments were by no means limited, his knowledge being extensive and accurate, while he possessed a retentive memory, clear discrimination, and indomitable industry, he soon mastered the details of every branch of learning to which his attention was directed, making them his own. In his youth he spent only three years in Columbia College, whereupon, during this period, he rendered himself familiar with classical languages and learning, with general history, mathematics, exact sciences, and so on; in four short months, he acquired a competent knowledge of the dry, abstruse learning, both of the common and the statute law, and prepared himself for admission to the bar. His subsequent and rapid rise to the first eminence in that profession among rivals and associates of the highest abilities, as soon as he devoted himself to his professional career, clearly evince how superior his legal gifts and attainments were. Had he lived, it is not improbable that he would have become one of the most celebrated and profound jurists of the land. His associates at the bar, usually so jealous of superior genius and of unusual success, regarded him with pride, rarely with envy. Thus, he possessed the fullest confidence of the courts; in the trial causes and discussion of legal principles, it was truly said of him, by one eminently competent to judge, "that without ever stopping or even hesitating, by a rapid and manly march, he led the listening judge and the fascinated juror, step by step, through a delightful region, brightening as he advanced, till his argument rose to demonstration, eloquence being rendered useless by conviction."

1782 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress by the legislature of New York, whereupon he was often the chairman of the committees which had charge of the subjects of the greatest importance. Here his modes of thinking imparted to the proceedings of this body a new tone and character, while his winning eloquence was the delight and wonder both of friend and foe. Concerning this state of affairs, Washington says that no one exceeded him in probity and sterling

virtue. Moreover, about August, 1783, he resigned his seat in Congress, then commenced the practice of law in the city of New York. The course of his legal studies being brief, and having a mind peculiarly adapted to the analysis of first principles, he soon rose to the first rank in his profession; here he exerted his talents and influence to protect the Tories from persecution at a time when the popular sentiment of New York was too vindictive towards that party. Thus, his qualifications for the bar are described in this manner by Chancellor Kent: "Hamilton, by means of his fine melodious voice and dignified deportment, his reasoning powers and persuasive address, soared above all competition; his pre-eminence was at once universally conceded."

He was, in 1786, elected to the legislature of New York, which met in January, 1787, whereupon, in May, the same year, he and two other citizens of New York were chosen as delegates to the convention that met in Philadelphia, which was to form a Federal Constitution for the country, one which, for several years, had suffered greatly from the want of an efficient government and prostration of trade, and the loss of public credit. He was the principal author of this movement towards a firm and durable union of the States; for, says Renwick, in his "Life of Hamilton," he was lauded by some and decried by others according to their feelings on the question, as the founder of the Union which superseded the Confederacy. Thus his two colleagues from New York were partisans of Clinton, being adverse to the proposed Union or Constitution. Here, says J. C. Hamilton, the policy of Clinton had placed him there to become a cipher and sacrifice.

June 18th Hamilton addressed the Convention in a long speech, one of which no report has been preserved, but which was pronounced by Gouverneur Morris to be the most able and impressive that he had ever heard; in the course of this speech Hamilton read his plan of government, an outline of which is given in J. C. Hamilton's "History of the Republic of the United States." Although the plan adopted differed from that of Hamilton, he signed the new Constitution in September, 1787, and warmly urged the people of New York to ratify it. Hence, with the co-operation of Madison and Jay, he advocated the adoption of the Constitution in a series of essays which first appeared, under the signature of "Publius," in the New York Gazette, which were afterwards published in several volumes, entitled "The Federalist." Hamilton wrote more than half of these profound and luminous political treatises, which are recognized by all parties as the best commentary on the Constitution; this instrument was strenuously opposed by a powerful party, being misled by the ignis fatuus of State sovereignty. Moreover, concerning

this subject, Guizot, in his "Character and Influence of Washington," says: "Hamilton must be classed among the men who have best known the vital principles and fundamental conditions of government. . . . There is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, strength, or durability which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it."

In the eyes of Samuel M. Smucker, a person being very fond of Alexander Hamilton, we see the last sphere of intellectual activity Hamilton shone with unsurpassed brilliancy; for, as an orator, he had no superior, his manner of delivery being easy, graceful, and impressive, while his utterance was fluent, unembarrassed, and self-possessed. His eloquence was Ciceronian rather than Demosthenian; when occasion served, he could thunder with a power and effectiveness not unworthy of the ancient, implacable foe of Philip of Macedon; his prevalent style was suavity, melody, and grace. In deliberative assembly, in the courts of justice, in the hall of the academy, he spoke as if the Attic Bee dwelt forever on his lips, his eloquence being a model of perfection. Thus, he was the pride and delight of all who could appreciate the beauties of a polished, consummate, and masterly eloquence; even his great enemy, Aaron Burr, was compelled to concede his supremacy in this respect.

His merit as a writer, when we remember the vast quantity of his writings, becomes extraordinary; he did not confine his power to the elaboration of a few great productions, exhausting upon them all his mental resources, for his intellect was too prolific and rich for such aim. Hence, the amount of Hamilton's writings is prodigious, occupying seven large octavo volumes, exclusive of the "Federalist," being more numerous than the productions of Burke, Bolingbroke, Broughham, Webster, or Quincy Adams. On the other hand, the writings of no modern or ancient statesman, except, perhaps, Cicero alone, equal in amount that of Hamilton. Moreover, it should not be forgotten, dear reader, as I speak to you as a biographer, in our estimation of his intellectual resources, he was not a recluse whose life was passed in the quietude and retirement of his study, because most of his time was spent in the hurry and bustle of public business, in the official bureau, in the courts of justice, in giving professional counsel, both in the popular and deliberative assembly.

The memoirs of Hamilton have been edited by several persons; shortly after his death, three volumes of his works were printed. Subsequently, John C. Hamilton, his son, published a memoir in two volumes, whereupon he wrote some years later, in seven volumes, a "History of the United States, as it may be read in the writings of Alexander Hamilton." A

complete edition of Hamilton's works was edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, which was in nine octavo volumes. In addition to the memoir just referred to, by J. C. Hamilton, there are several biographies, of which the most recent and valuable are those by John T. Morse, Jr. (two volumes, 1876); Henry Cabot Lodge (American Statesmen Series, 1882); and George Shea (second edition, 1880). All the standard histories of the United States—Bancroft, Hildreth, Shouler, Von Holst, Curtis, Fisk, and so on, may be consulted advantageously.

There is an anecdote of Hamilton that is very interesting. February 16th, 1781, at Morristown, in New Jersey, at the headquarters of the army, Hamilton and Washington passed each other on stairs, whereupon Washington desired a conversation with him. But, that Hamilton was on a mission to deliver a letter of importance to Mr. Pilghman, which was to be sent immediately to the Commissary, as it contained an order of the most pressing nature, he told Washington to await his immediate return. Hence, as Hamilton completed his mission and reascended the stairs, he met General Lafayette; here the latter detained him a few moments in conversation. Thus, Hamilton finally reached the head of the stairs, where, as he met Washington, who had left his own apartment to accost him, exclaimed in an angry tone:

"Hamilton! you have kept me waiting for you fully ten minutes! I must tell you, sir, that you have treated me with disrespect!"

Hereupon Hamilton replied:

"I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part."

"Very well, then, if it be your choice," concluded Washington.

Such was the cause of the breach that occurred between them.

The moral qualities of Hamilton were such as every wise and good man must esteem, his honesty and integrity being unimpeachable. This trait in his character won him the confidence of Washington, which rendered him his bosom friend while almost a youth. On the other hand, during the progress of the revolutionary war, he intrusted Hamilton with the most important secret mission, in preference to all his other officers and subordinates. He was an active member of an anti-slavery society formed in New York, and offered, about 1784, a resolution that every member of that society should liberate his own slaves; hence, he proposed to give the right of suffrage to all freemen, without distinction of color.

Let us go a little farther into his virtues. As a conqueror, he was humane and benevolent, for he spared the effusion of human blood in every instance in which it was possible;

and, when victory favored his army, he did not sully his glory by cruelty, malice, or wantonly riot in human suffering. Contrariwise, in his social and domestic qualities, he was kindly, generous, and affectionate, while in him the friendless found a friend, the fatherless a father, and the poor a benefactor, protector, advocate. Thus, when the rich oppressed the indigent, when the powerful threatened the defenseless, when those in high places ventured to outrage justice, then it was the time when Hamilton displayed the true grandeur and dignity of his nature, whereupon he defended the innocent, defenseless, injured, all with a scathing power of eloquence which filled the observer with mingled terror and admiration. So we see, when he perished, among the myriads of eyes which wept, there were not a few of the widows and orphans of the land who blessed his memory and shed bitter tears over his untimely fate; in his domestic circle, he was ever most tenderly beloved, being eminently happy in that circle.

As a mere boy, I can see him leaving his West India home to get a college education in this country, whereupon he enters the halls of King's College, now known as Columbia; I can see him in a mass meeting, being amid a crowd of citizens near the city of New York, mounted upon a platform, carrying the entire assembly with him; I can see him at the battle of Long Island, the consequent retreat to White Plains, the contests at Trenton and Princeton. Ah, look! I can see him standing at the bar of New York as a leader, taking part in the deliberations of the Constitution Convention!

In September, the year 1789, a few days after Congress had enacted a bill to organize a treasury department, at a time when the nation was burdened with a heavy debt, being almost destitute of credit, Hamilton was appointed secretary of the treasury. In January, 1790, he presented to Congress a report on public credit and a plan for the support of the same, which became the basis of the financial system of the nation, whereupon, among the measures which he proposed were the funding system and a national bank. Hence, the results of Hamilton's financial policy were the restoration of public credit and a rapid revival of trade and industry; he also advocated the encouragement of domestic manufactures by a protective tariff.

January 31, 1795, Hamilton, whose salary was scarcely sufficient for the support of his family, and who was unwilling to neglect any longer his private interests, resigned his office, whereupon he simultaneously declined the position of chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. On the other hand, in a series of essays, signed "Camillus," he defended Jay's treaty with Great Britain; he also had Washington to testify his great esteem for him by consulting him in the preparation of his "Farewell Address," which, says Ren-

wick, would have been less perfect as a composition had it not passed through the hands of Hamilton.

In the presidential election of 1796, he supported Adams and Pickney; the French Directory having provoked the American people by acts of hostility, the army was recognized in the summer of 1798, whereupon Washington then accepted the chief command of the army, on condition that Hamilton should be the second in command; hence, he was accordingly made inspector-general, with the rank of major-general, after the general-in-chief had overcome the repugnance of the president to Hamilton's appointment by a menace of resignation; thus, on the death of General Washington, December, 1799, he succeeded him as commander-in-chief, whereupon the army was soon disbanded, and he resumed the practice of law.

About September, 1799, he censured President Adams for appointing an embassy to France, which caused a breach in the Federal party, and was defeated in the presidential election of 1800; when the duty devolved on the House of Representatives to decide whether Jefferson or Burr should be president, Hamilton advised his friends to prefer the former. In 1804 Aaron Burr presented himself as a candidate for the office of governor of New York, hoping to receive the votes of many Federalists, whereupon Hamilton opposed the election of him, expressing his opinion that he was a dangerous man, being unfit to be trusted with power. Hereupon the election of General Lewis blasted the ambitious projects of Burr, who insolently demanded an explanation of Hamilton, simultaneously challenging him. Hamilton accepted the challenge, was mortally wounded at Weehawken, and died July 12th, 1804.

Ah, dear reader, in conclusion, let us see the funeral of this great man which took place from the house of John Church, in Robinson Street, near the upper Park, New York. Here every place of business was closed, every city tolled its bells as it received the news, while people flocked upon the sidewalks, the world being in the windows, on the housetops, and on the pavements of the streets through which the cortege was to pass—Robinson, Beekman, Peal, and Broadway to Trinity Church. Thus, those who were to walk in the funeral procession waited, while the Sixth Regiment, with the colors and music of the several corps, paraded in Robinson Street until the standard of the Cincinnati, shrouded in crepe, was waved before the open door of Mr. Church's house; here the regiment immediately halted and rested on its reversed arms until the bier had been carried from the house to the center of the street, when the procession immediately formed, its order being as follows:

The Military Corps, the Society of the Cincinnati, clergy

of all denominations, the body of Hamilton, the General's horse, and then the family, physicians, the judges of the Supreme Court, in deep mourning, Mr. Gouverneur Morris in his carriage, and gentlemen of the bar and students at law, in deep mourning; governor and lieutenant-governor of the State, mayor and corporation of the city, members of Congress and civil officers of the United States, the ministers, consuls, and presidents of foreign powers, the officers of the army and navy of the United States, military and naval officers of the foreign powers, and militia officers of States. Be patient, dear reader, for the procession is almost over. Hence, we resume: Presidents, directors, officers of the respective banks, chamber of commerce and merchants, Marine Society, wardens of the port, masters and officers of the harbor, the president, professors, students of Columbia College, different societies, the citizens in general, including the partisans of Burr.

On the coffin were Hamilton's hat and sword, while his boots and spurs were reversed across his horse, the fine gray charger, caparisoned in mourning, being led by two black servants dressed in white, their turbans trimmed with black.

The military escorted him in single file, with trailing arms, the band playing "The Dead March in Saul," while minute guns from the artillery in the Park were answered by the British and French warship in the harbor. The solemn music, its still more solemn accompaniment, the tolling of muffled bells, and the heavy tramp of many feet, there was no sound; and even women of an hysterical habit either controlled themselves or were too impressed to give way to superficial emotion. Moreover, when the procession, after its long march, reached Trinity Church, the military formed in two columns, extending from the gate to the corners of Wall Street, while the body was deposited before the entrance. Here, Morris, surrounded by Hamilton's boys, stood over it, and delivered the most impassioned address that had ever come from his brilliant and erratic mind. His words were brief, both because he hardly was able to control himself and feared to incite the people to violence. Nevertheless, it was profoundly moving, for he said:

"Alexander Hamilton never lost sight of your interests! I declare to you before God, in whose presence we are now so assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, his sole subject of discussion was your freedom and happiness. Although he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon public service. For himself, he feared nothing; on the other hand, he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence and abuse it to your ruin; he was ambitious only for you, being deeply solicitous for you."

The troops now formed an extensive hollow square in the churchyard and terminated solemnities with three volleys over the coffin in its grave, while the immense throng, white, and still aghast, unreconciled, dispersed. Then the bells tolled until sundown, whereupon the city and the people wore mourning for a month, the bar for six weeks; and, in due time, the leading men of the parish decided upon the monument which should mark to future generations the cold and narrow home of him who had been so warm in life, loving as few men had loved, exulted in the wide greatness of the empire he had created. Hence, the monument bears the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HAVE ERECTED
THIS
MONUMENT
IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR RESPECT
FOR
THE PATRIOT OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY
THE SOLDIER OF APPROVED VALOUR
THE STATESMAN OF CONSUMMATE WISDOM
WHOSE TALENTS AND VIRTUES WILL BE ADMIRERD
BY
GRATEFUL POSTERITY
LONG AFTER THIS MARBLE SHALL HAVE
MOULDERED TO DUST
HE DIED JULY 12TH 1804 AGED 47

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

Martinique, that island which emerges in tropical luxuriance from the bosom of the Caribbean Sea, where the meridian sun causes the whole land to smile in perennial verdure, is an island where gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits of the torrid zone adorn upland and prairie in boundless profusion; here mountains, densely wooded, rear their summits sublimely to the skies, while valleys charm the eye with pictures more beautiful than imagination can create. This is the place, the beautiful island of Martinique, where Empress Josephine was born, the year of her birth being 1763, her father being Captain Pascher de la Pagerie, mother, Mademoiselle Rose de vergers de Sanois.

Until ten years of age, Josephine, the firstborn of said marriage, lived with her parents on their Martinique estate, whereupon she was sent to the convent of Fort Royal, a place where most young Creole ladies of her social position were presumed to receive a suitable instruction. Hence, let us consider her education.

Her remarks, letters, and conversational elegance gave indication of a mind greatly furnished with information, which had been trained by severe discipline; yet, from all of her early education, it would seem that, with the exception of accomplishments of music, dancing, and drawing, she was left very much to the guidance of her instinctive tastes. On the other hand, like Madame Roland, she was blessed with that peculiar mental constitution, which led her, with her own accord, to treasure up all knowledge which books or conversation brought within her reach. Thus, from childhood until the hour of her death, she was ever improving her mind by careful observation and studious reading. She played the harp with great skill, sang with a voice of exquisite melody, and read with a correctness of elocution and fervor of feeling that always attracted profound admiration. Her passionate love for flowers caused her to take a deep interest in the study of botany, while she also became very skillful in embroidery, that accomplishment that was deemed an essential part of the education of every lady.

Josephine, by conversation, observation, and reading, was continually storing her mind with valuable information; in the various journeys that she took, she was always accompanied by persons of intelligence, said person being well acquainted with the country. Hence, while traveling, she directed her conversation almost exclusively upon the scenes through which they were passing, everything of interest being carefully treasured in her memory, whereupon, if she learned an incident connected with the past fortunes of the families

of the ladies who were with her, she never failed to send a special messenger with the information, pointing out the places where such occurred; she seemed thus to be continually studying for opportunities of manifesting kind and delicate attention to the ladies of her household. Here she secured a universality and a fervor of affection such as has been rarely attained. On these pleasure excursions, the restraints of the court were laid aside, while all the joyous commingling and affectionate familiarity which prevail among intimate friends.

Josephine was admired, passionately sought after, and loved by many celebrated personages of her time, from poor William, her first love, to M. de Caulaincourt, and Napoleon Bonaparte. Hence, Bonaparte, speaking of his love for this great "Angel of France," says: "Josephine, you do not know how much I love you, for you alone do I owe the only moments of happiness that I have ever tasted in this world; you are grace personified, because everything that you do is peculiar grace and delicacy. I have never seen you act inelegantly during the whole time that we have lived together. You have grace even *en se couchant*. My sweet Josephine, you are really an amiable woman, being elegant, charming, and affable. You, the goddess of the toilet, you with whom all the fashions of Paris originate, who look so magnificent in everything that you wear, are so kind, so humane—the best woman in France."

The Angel of France, during her childhood in Martinique, always spoke to the slaves in kindness, becoming a universal favorite with all upon the plantations. Having no playmates but the little Negroes, she united with them in all their sports, while these little ebon children of bondage evidently looked upon Josephine as a superior being, a goddess of the wilderness; she was really the queen around whom they circled in affectionate homage. Thus, the instinctive faculty, which Josephine displayed through life, of winning the most ardent love of all who met her, protected from any undue familiarity, she seems to have possessed even at that early day, whereupon, the children who were her companions in all the sports of childhood, were also dutiful subjects every ready to be obedient to her will. Moreover, concerning the plantation virtue of this great woman, let us say that the little Negroes looked upon her as a protectress whom they loved, one to whom they owed their entire homage. She would frequently collect a group of them under the shade of the luxuriant trees of the tropical island, teach them the dances that she had learned, also join with them as a partner. Here she loved to assemble them around herself, listen to the simple Negro melodies that penetrated every heart that felt the power of music, while all their voices, in sweet harmony, blended with hers as she taught them the more scientific songs of Europe. She would listen

with unaffected interest to their tales of sorrow, weep with them, and often interposed in behalf that their tasks might be lighter or that a play-day might be allowed them; thus, she was as much beloved and admired in the cabin of the poor Negroes as she was in her uncle's parlor, where intelligence and refinement were assembled. She displayed this same character throughout her whole career, being Josephine on the throne, Josephine surrounded by the sable maidens of Martinique, and Josephine moving in queenly splendor in the palaces of Versailles, with all the courtiers of Europe revolving around her, she displayed the same traits of character, while by her unaffected kindness won the hearts of the lovely and exalted.

In 1794, when about three hundred thousand innocent victims of the Revolution crowded the prisons of France, unhappy captives awaiting their hour of execution, who were not the ignorant, debased, degraded, but the noblest, purest, most refined of the citizens of the Republic, during this Reign of Terror, the innocent Josephine was imprisoned in the Convent of Carmelites. This place was a vast, gloomy pile, so capacious in its halls, chapel, cells, and its subterranean dungeons, that at one time nearly ten thousand prisoners were immured within its frowning walls. In every part of this building the floors were still deeply stained with the blood of the recent massacres. The infuriated men and women, being intoxicated with rum rage, who had broken into the prison, dragged multitudes of their victims, many of whom were priests, into the chapel, that they might, in derision of religion poniard them before the altar. Hence, Josephine was placed in the chapel of the convent, where she found one hundred and sixty men and women as the sharers of her captivity. Here the natural buoyancy of disposition led her to be cheerful, entertaining, be a person who caused many of the imprisoned to be gay, happy, and amiable to one another. At this time she wrote cheering letters to her husband and children, while her smiling countenance and words of kindness animated with new courage the grief-stricken and despairing who surrounded her, whereupon she became an immediate and universal favorite with the inmates of the prison, for her instinctive tact enabled her to approach all acceptably, whatever their rank or character. This being the case, she was an influence among the prisoners, where she reigned, as everywhere else, over the hearts of willing subjects. Her composure, her cheerfulness, her clear, melodious voice, all, caused her to be selected to read, each day to the ladies, the journal of the preceding day.

Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, being impetuous and unreflecting, became so impatient to see her mother, that one morning she secretly left her aunt's house, and, in a market

cârt, traveled thirty miles to Paris. Here she found her mother's maid, Victorie, at the family mansion, where all the property was sealed by the revolutionary functionaries. Thus, after making unavailing efforts to obtain an interview with her parents, she returned the next day to Fontainebleau. Josephine was informed of this imprudent act of ardent affection, whereupon she wrote Hortense the following letter:

"My Hortense, I should be entirely satisfied with you, were I not displeased with your dear bad head. Tell me, my darling, how is it that, without permission from your aunt, you have come to Paris? This has been very wrong of you, though it has been because you have greatly desired to see me, you may say. Nevertheless, sweet child, you ought to be aware that no one can see me without an order, which requires both means and precautions to obtain. Besides, you got into Mr. Dorcet's cart, at the risk of incommoding him and retarding the conveyance of his merchandise; in all this, Hortense, you have been inconsiderate. My child, observe that it is not sufficient to do good; you must do good properly. At your age, the first of all virtues is confidence and docility toward your relatives. I am here therefore obliged to tell you that I prefer your tranquil attachment to your misplaced warmth. This, however, does not prevent me from embracing you, but less tenderly than I shall do when I learn that you have returned to your aunt."

She had the rare faculty of diffusing animation and cheerfulness wherever she appeared, hence, she beautifully said of herself: "It is a necessity of my heart to love others, being loved by them in return. There is only one occasion in which I would voluntarily use the words I will, namely, when I say: 'I will that all around me be happy!'" When she was crossing the Atlantic, being in penury, by kind sympathy manifested for the sick and sorrowful, she won the hearts of the seamen; when a prisoner, being under sentence of death, by her cheerfulness, her forgetfulness of self, and her hourly deeds of delicate attention to others, she became an object of universal love in those cells of despair. When prosperity again dawned upon her, and she was in the enjoyment of an ample competence, every cottage in the vicinity of Malmaison testified to her benevolence. On the other hand, when she was placed in a position of power, all her influence was exerted to relieve the misfortunes of those illustrious men whom the storms of revolution had driven from their homes and France. Here she never forgot the unfortunate, for she devoted a considerable portion of her income to the relief of the emigrants. With all this good that she did, she was accused of extravagance. Nevertheless, her nature was generous in the extreme, while the profusion of her expenditures was an index of her expansive benevolence.

Fouche, whom Bonaparte disliked exceedingly for his inhuman deeds during the revolution, was the Minister of Police. Upon him mainly devolved the trial and punishment of the accused. Josephine wrote a letter to Fouche, which was most strikingly indicative of the benevolence of her noble heart, and of the noble strength of mind which understood that the claims of justice must not pass unheeded. It would be an act of injustice, biographically, not to see such a letter. Here it is, then, for our perusal:

"Citizens-Ministers: While I tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am disquieted and distressed through fear of punishment necessarily to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives; here my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead.

"I know that the clemency of the first consul is great, his attachment to me extreme, but the crime is too dreadful that terrible examples should not be necessary. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; it is that which will render him severe—inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far: Do not detect all those persons who may have been accomplices in those odious transactions. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. It is even better to endeavor to soothe the public mind than to exasperate men by fresh terrors. In short, when the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced as they may have been by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. When just invested with supreme power, the first consul, as seems to me, ought rather to gain hearts than to be exhibited as ruling slaves. Soften by your counsels whatever may be too violent in his just resentment. Punish—alas! that you must certainly do—but pardon still more. Be also the support of those unfortunate men, who, by frank avowal or repentance, shall expiate a portion of their crime.

"Having myself narrowly escaped perishing in the Revolution, you must regard as quite natural my interference on behalf of those who can be saved without involving, in new danger, the life of my husband, precious to me and France. On this account, do I entreat you, making a wide distinction between the authors of the crime and those who, through weakness or fear, have consented to take a part therein. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-renderings of those who will apply to me. Act, then, citizens-ministers, in such a manner that the number of these may be lessened,

This will spare me much grief. Never will I turn away from the supplications of misfortune. But in the present instance, you can do infinitely more than I, whereupon you will, on this account, excuse my importunity; you may rely on my gratitude and esteem."

She always manifested much more solicitude in reference to the accommodation of her attendants than for her own comfort, because she would visit their apartments and issue personal directions to promote their convenience; hence, one night, just as she was about to retire to rest, she observed that her waiting-woman had but a single mattress, spread upon the floor, for her repose. Here she immediately, and with her own hands, took from the bed, destined for herself, another mattress, and supplied the deficiency so that her waiting-woman may sleep more comfortably. Moreover, whenever any of her household were sick, Josephine promptly visited their bedside, and with her own hands, ministered to their wants; she would remember them at her own table, and from the luxurious viands spread before her, she would select delicacies which might excite a failing appetite. Thus, it often happened, in these sudden and hasty journeys, that, from want of accommodation, some of the party were compelled to remain in the carriages while Napoleon and Josephine dined. In such cases they were never forgotten; this was not policy and artifice on the part of Josephine, but the instinctive dictates of a heart overflowing with benevolence.

Josephine had very little religious knowledge, for she regarded Christianity as a sentiment rather than a principle. She felt the poetic beauty of its revelations and ordinances, knew how holy its charities were, how pure its precepts, how ennobling its influences, even when encumbered with the grossest superstitions. Contrariwise, she had dreadfully seen and felt what France was without religion, while marriages had become a mockery, conscience a phantom, and death proclaimed to all an eternal sleep. She therefore most warmly seconded her husband in all endeavors to restore again to desolated France the religion of Jesus Christ.

Josephine cherished emotions of the deepest gratitude toward all those who had proved friendly to her in the days of her adversity. Napoleon, with his strong prejudices, often took a dislike to those whom she loved; hence, Madame Tallien, the companion of Josephine in her captivity, and her benefactor after her release, was, for some unknown reason, peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon. She was extremely beautiful and ambitious, while her exclusion from the splendors of the new court, now daily becoming more brilliant, mortified her exceedingly. Here Josephine was greatly troubled, whereupon she could not disregard the will of her husband, which caused

her heart to recoil from the thought of ingratitude toward one who had been her friend in adversity.

Occasionally, when Napoleon was absent on his campaign, Josephine would retire to Malmaison and become deeply interested in rural occupations. Thus, she had a large and very fine flock of merino sheep which she took great pleasure in superintending their culture; hence, a detachment of the imperial guard was on such occasion appointed to do duty at Malmaison. This being the case, one evening the empress, sitting up till a later hour than usual, heard the sound of footsteps passing to and fro beneath her window, whereupon she sent for the officer of the guard and inquired what it meant. Hereupon he informed her that it was the sentry who was appointed to keep watch beneath her window all night. Upon receiving said information, she replied: "I have no need of a night-guard, for these brave soldiers have enough to suffer from the hardships of war when they are under the necessity of going to the field of battle. In my service, they must have repose. I wish them here to have no sleepless nights."

Josephine has often been accused of extravagance, that her expenditures were very great. She attached no value to money but as a means to the promotion of happiness; she was easily persuaded to purchase from those who were always urging upon her the most costly articles, appealing powerfully to her sympathies so that she may buy. It was difficult for her to turn a deaf ear to a tale of distress. Hence, Josephine gave away most liberally in charity, whereupon, Napoleon, at times, complained of the large sums that escaped through her hands. On the other hand, once, when replying to a friend, one who told her that she was deemed extravagant, she said: "When I have money, you know how I employ it; I give it principally to the unfortunate, those who solicit my assistance, and to the poor emigrants. Nevertheless, I will try to be more economical in the future; if you see Napoleon, tell him so. But is it not my duty to bestow as much charity as I can?"

Such have been the virtues of this great woman, she who, at Malmaison, in 1813, amid the danger of the French hussars, formed bandages and scraping lint for innumerable wounded who filled the hospitals.

Josephine was one day walking under the shaded trees of a plantation in Martinique, whereupon she saw a number of Negro children gathered around an aged and withered Negress who had a great reputation among the slaves as a fortune-teller. Here curiosity induced Josephine to draw near the group to hear what the sorceress had to say. The old sibyl, with the cunning that is characteristic of her craft, as soon as she saw Josephine approach, whom she knew perfectly, assumed an air of great agitation, and upon seizing her

hand violently, she gazed with most earnest attention upon the lines traced in her palm. Josephine, amused, smiling, said:

"Do you discover anything extraordinary in my destiny?"

"I do."

"What is it, happiness or misfortune?"

"Very much misfortune, a little happiness."

"My good woman, you must be careful not to commit yourself; for your predictions are not very intelligible."

"Dear Madame, I am not permitted to render my revelations more clear."

"I give you permission to impart to me exactly what you see in my future, then."

"But you will not believe me if I reveal to you your strange destiny."

"Oh, yes, I will, I assure you; come, now, which I surely hope for and fear."

"On your head be it, then. Listen: You will soon be married, which union will not be happy, whereupon you will become a widow, then be Queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, and you will die in a hospital amid civil commotions."

Such was the beginning of her misfortune, which she did not doubt. Thus, as she went about the woods, being alone, she came across a huge tree that had these names cut therein: William and Josephine. William, being her first lover, she here began to suffer solitary recollections, whereupon she exclaimed, "Unhappy William, thou hast forgotten me!" Moreover, that William was not allowed to see her, write to her, communicate with her in no way, the agitation of her heart became such that for some time she was unable to leave her bed, whereupon she entreated her friends to allow her for a few months to retire to a convent, so that she might, in solitary thought and prayer regain composure. Her friends consented to this arrangement, which caused her to take refuge in the convent at Panthemont; here she spent a few months in inexpressible gloom. Josephine, being lured by a certain woman in Martinique concerning William, wrote to her: "Were it not for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France forever; my duty requires me to forget William. Yet, if we had been united, I should not today have been troubling you with my griefs." The woman who instigated Josephine to write this letter was infamous enough to obtain it by stealth and show it to Beauharnais, whereupon his jealousy and indignation were immediately aroused to the highest pitch. He was led by this malicious deceiver to believe that Josephine had obtained secret interviews with William, which made him, her notorious husband of unfaithfulness, to become exasperated to the highest degree at the suspicion of the want of fidelity

in his wife. He reproached her in languages of the utmost severity, took Eugene from her, and resolved to endeavor, by legal process, to obtain a divorce. She implored him, for the sake of her children, not to proclaim their difficulties to the world. He, however, reckless of consequences, made applications to the courts for the annulment of the matrimonial bond, whereupon Josephine was compelled to defend her own character; thus, she again retired with Hortense to the convent, where, through dreary months of solitude, silence, and dejection, awaited the result of the trial upon which her reputation as a virtuous woman was staked. Hence, the decree of the court was triumphantly in her favor, which made her return to her friends to receive their congratulations, being impressed with the conviction that the earth had no longer a joy in store for her. Her friends did all in their power to cheer her desponding spirit; but the wound she had received was too deep to be speedily healed. On the other hand, one day her friends, to divert her mind from brooding over irreparable sorrows, took her, almost by violence, to Versailles.

In 1793, the soldiers seized Josephine rudely and took possession of all the property in the house, in the name of the Republic, then took her to the Convent of the Carmelites, and she was immured in that prison, where, but a few months before, more than eight thousand had been massacred by the mob of Paris. Here she was led from her prison to the hall, where the blood stained tribunal held its session, and, with many others, was placed in an ante-room, to await her turn for an examination of a few minutes, upon the issues of which life or death was suspended.

In 1799, for political purposes, there were many who wished to destroy the influence which Josephine had acquired over the mind of her illustrious husband. In the accomplishment of this plan, they endeavored, in every way in their power, to excite the jealousy of Napoleon. The very efforts which Josephine was making to attract the most influential men in Paris to her saloon were represented to him as indications of levity of character, and of a spirit of unpardonable coquetry. Hence, the enemies of Josephine had their influential agents in the camp of Napoleon, and with malice, never weary, they whispered these suspicions into his ear. The jealousy of his impassioned nature was strongly aroused. And, in his indignation he wrote to Josephine in terms of great severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with all the world." She was deeply wounded because of these unjust suspicions, and wrote to him a letter in reply, which, for tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and the expression of conscious innocence, is hardly surpassed by anything which has ever been written, whereupon her letter was intercepted, Napoleon not receiving it; then,

for many months, nearly all communication with the army of Egypt was cut off by the vigilance of the English. There flying reports sent to Josephine of the disaster to the army, and even of the death of Napoleon, which made her, many times, in great distress, not knowing the fate of her husband and son. On the other hand, she knew that by the grossest deception her husband's confidence in her had been greatly impaired, which caused her to fear that should he return, she might never be able to regain his affections; still, she devoted herself with unwearied diligence in watching over all his interest, and though her heart was often oppressed with anguish, she did everything in her power to retain the aspect of cheerfulness and of sanguine hope.

There are some very interesting anecdotes concerning Josephine, one of which follows. In subsequent years, when surrounded by all the splendors of royalty, she related to some of the ladies of her court, with that unaffected simplicity which ever marked her character, the following incident, which occurred during her voyage from Martinique to France. The ladies were admiring some beautiful jewels which were spread out before them, whereupon Josephine said to them:

"My young friends, believe me, splendor does not constitute happiness. I at one time received greater enjoyment from the gift of a pair of old shoes than all these diamonds have ever afforded me." Here the curiosity of her auditors was, of course, greatly excited, and they entreated her to explain her meaning. She continued as follows:

"Yes, young ladies, of all the presents I ever received, the one which gave me the greatest pleasure was a pair of old shoes, and those, too, of coarse leather. When I last returned to France from Martinique, having separated from my first husband, I was far from being rich. Hence, the passage money exhausted my resources, and it was not without difficulty that I obtained the indispensable requisites for our voyage. Hortense, obliging and lively, performing with much agility the dances of the Negroes, and singing their songs with surprising correctness, greatly amused the sailors, who, from being her constant play-fellows, had become her favorite society. An old sailor became particularly attached to the child, which made her like the old man. With running, leaping, and walking, my daughter's slight shoes were fairly worn out. Knowing that she had not another pair, and fearing that I would forbid her going upon deck, should this defect in her attire be discovered, Hortense carefully concealed the disaster. But one day I experienced the distress of seeing her returning from the deck leaving every foot-mark in blood. And, when I examined how matters stood, I found her shoes literally in tatters, and her feet dreadfully torn by a nail. We were as yet not

more than half way across the ocean, whereupon it seemed impossible to procure another pair of shoes. I felt quite overcome at the idea of the sorrow my poor Hortense would suffer, as also at the danger in which her health might be exposed by confinement in my miserable little cabin. At this moment our good friend, the old sailor, entered and inquired the cause of our distress. Hortense, sobbing all the while, eagerly informed him, that she could no more go upon deck, for her shoes were worn out, and mamma had no others to give her. "Nonsense," said the worthy seaman, "is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest: I will go and get them. You, madame, can cut them to shape, and I will splice them up as well as need be." Without waiting for a reply, away hastened the kind sailor in search of his old shoes; these he soon after brought to us with a triumphant air, and they were received by Hortense with demonstrations of the most lively joy. We finally set to work with all zeal, and before the day closed, my daughter could resume her delightful duties of supplying their evening's diversion to the crew. I again repeat, never was a present received with greater thankfulness. It has since been a matter of self-reproach that I did not particularly inquire into the name and history of our benefactor. It would have been gratifying for me to have done something for him when afterward means were in my power."

In 1794, when Josephine awaited her execution, while in prison, numerous friends gathered around her with tears, while the heartless jailer came and took away her mattress, saying with a sneer, that she would need it no longer, as her head was soon to repose upon the soft pillow of the guillotine. As the hour of execution drew nearer, Josephine became perfectly calm, cheerful in spirit; she looked affectionately upon the weeping group gathered around her, and, recalling at the moment the prediction of the aged Negress, she gently said, smiling, "We have no cause for alarm, my friends; I am not to be executed, for it is written in the decrees of fate that I am yet to be Queen of France." Hereupon some of her friends thought that the suppressed anguish of her heart had driven her to delirium, which caused them to weep more bitterly. But one of the ladies, Madame d'Aiguillon, was a little irritated at the pleasantry which she deemed so ill-timed. "When, then, Madame, do you not appoint your household?" "Ah, that is true," replied Josephine. "I had forgotten. Well, you, my dear, shall be my maid of honor; I promise you the situation." They both lived to witness the fulfilment of this promise.

Josephine, though reared in a provincial home, was accustomed, from infancy, to associate with gentlemen and ladies who were familiar with the etiquette of the highest rank in society, and whose conversation was intellectual and improv-

imperial family, and the most illustrious officers of the empire, were assembled therein. Amid such celebrated personages, Napoleon and Josephine spoke as follows, Bonaparte being the first one to deliver himself:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me; thus, for many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, Empress Josephine, whereupon it is this consideration that induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. For, being at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France; far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife, for she has embellished fifteen years of my life, the remembrance of them which will be engraved on my heart forever. And, that she was crowned by my hand, she shall retain always the rank and title of empress. Moreover, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

These are the words of Josephine:

"I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the alter, throne, and social order; but his marriage will in no respect, change the sentiments of my heart, for the emperor will forever find me to be his best friend. Contrariwise, I know what this act, commands by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; nevertheless, we both glory in the sacrifices that we make for the good of our country, loving France. Thus, I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that have ever been given upon earth."

We have herein written the birth, education, virtues, love, anecdotes, misfortunes, coronation, and so on, of the Angel of France, the Good Josephine, but have not looked at her through the eyes of the pen beautiful, the word picturing of magnificence. So, that I am a lover of the beautiful, the great, the sublime, I do, with the aid of your psychological mind, dear reader, bring forth such scenes, imaginations, and exquisite

never before witnessed such luxury and magnificence; carriages glittered with gold and purple trappings, horses were proudly caparisoned, officers were in the richest uniforms and court dresses sumptuously embroidered, servants were in the most gorgeous liveries, while a waving sea of ostrich plumes bewildered the multitude with splendor. The imperial carriage, which was constructed expressly for the occasion, was the most exquisite piece of workmanship Parisian ingenuity could devise, which was drawn by eight bay horses; the paneling of this carriage was entirely of glass. Double files of infantry lined the route of more than a mile and a half, extending from the Tuileries to Notre Dame; ten thousand horsemen, in most gorgeous uniforms, attended the carriages; half a million of spectators thronged the way, crowding the windows and balconies, being clustered upon the housetops, filling every space from whence any view of the cortege could be gained, while the air was filled with the martial strains of a thousand bands, with the thunders of innumerable pieces of artillery, whereupon the enthusiastic acclamation of the vast multitude joined. The world has never witnessed such a sublime pageant before.

Behold! A throne, hung with crimson velvet, overarched with a canopy of the same rich material, being ascended by twenty-two circular steps, which were covered with blue cloth, and studded with golden bees, sat Napoleon and Josephine, while the most illustrious officers of the empire crowded the stairs; the religious ceremony, which occupied nearly four hours, was interspersed with the most soulstirring music from martial bands and more than three hundred vocal performers. When the pope was about to place the crown upon the brow of the emperor, Napoleon took it from him, and placed it, with his own hands, upon his head, then took it off and crowned the empress, also with his own hands, fixing his eyes proudly and tenderly upon her. The heavy crown was then laid upon a cushion, while a smaller diadem was placed upon the head of Josephine, whereupon she knelt before her illustrious consort as he placed the crown of France upon her brow. Hence, after remaining for a moment in silence in the posture of prayer, with her hands folded over her bosom, she then gracefully rose, her eyes swimming in tears, and turned to her husband with a look of gratitude and love, which the emperor feelingly recognized. It was a touching scene in the moments that clustered the memories of years.

December 15th, 1809, one hundred and fourteen years from today, the day upon which I am writing being December 18th, 1923, a divorce between Bonaparte and Josephine took place, which was in the grand salon of the Tuileries, whereupon the kings, princes, princesses, those who were members of the

from the whole assembly. She was attired in a robe of white muslin, her pretty hair fell in graceful ringlets upon her lovely neck and shoulders, while a magnificent necklace of pearls, being of great value, completed her costume. The queenly elegance of her figure, the inimitable grace of her movements, the peculiar conversational tact she possessed, and the melody of a voice which, once heard, never was forgotten, gave to Josephine, on this eventful evening, a social triumph corresponding with that which Napoleon had received during the day.

I can see her at Turin, at the battlefield of Marengo, at Milan, Genoa, navigating the Mediterranean, and Mayence; I can see her at Munich, being present at the nuptials of Eugene and the Prince Royal of Bavaria; finally, I can see her at St. Cloud, Versailles, Rambouillet, Fontainebleau, and Spain.

One beautiful day in 1814, Josephine, the Emperor Alexander, and a number of illustrious guests, dined at Malmaison, whereupon, in the evening of twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the palace for recreation. Thus, Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold, which, upon the following day, became worse. And, without any definite form of disease, day after day, she grew more faint and feeble, it finally being evident that her last change was at hand.

May 29, 1814, a tranquil summer's day was fading away into a cloudless, serene, beautiful evening, while the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the empress was dying; here the vesper songs of the birds, which filled the groves of Malmaison, floated sweetly upon the ear, while the gentle spirit of Josephine, lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sank into its last sleep.

The Emperor Alexander, Eugene, and Hortense were beside her. Josephine called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion. Just after this solemnity, Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears were kneeling at their mother's side. Josephine, in a state of weakness, beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, whereupon she said to him and her children: "I have always desired the happiness of France, and have always, within my power, to contribute to it; hence, I can say with truth, to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." Immediately upon the conclusion of these words, she asked for the portrait of Napoleon. When she received it, she looked at it long and tenderly, then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, she faintly articulated the following prayer:

circumstances that will satisfy our biographical contemplation; listen, for we now proceed.

In 1796, one hundred years before I was born, I can see Josephine driving along the lovely road from Milan, along the crystal waters of Lake Como to Lake Maggiore, the romantic lake being embosomed among the mountains, with its densely wooded islands and picturesque shores, which is a favorite resort for her excursions and pleasures. Here in gay parties, she floated in boats with well trained rowers, silken awnings, streaming pennants, and ravishing music. The island of Isola Bella, Beautiful Islands, with its arcades, hanging gardens, and its palaces of monkish gloom, was one of her favorites also; here she partook of refreshments and engaged with all vivacity in rural festivities.

I can see her amid the splendor of the royal court, the pleasure-loving Italians filling her saloon; I see the most illustrious nobles emulous to win her favor, that they might obtain eminence in the service in her renowned spouse, Napoleon Bonaparte; I can see her at the fetes and entertainments she gave to the rejoicing Milanese whereupon she obtained access to almost every mind it was desirable to influence. She moved through the dazzling scenes of her court, scenes of unaccustomed brilliance which had so suddenly burst upon her, with an air as entirely natural and unembarrassed as if her whole life had been passed in the saloons of monarchs. Here she conversed with the most distinguished generals of armies, with statesmen and scholars of widespread renown, with a fluency, appropriateness, and an inimitable tact which would seem to indicate that she had been cradled in the lap of princes and nurtured in the society of courts.

Josephine, so beautifully called "The Star of Napoleon," was more than the harbinger of his rising; she gave additional luster to his brilliance and was as the gentle Zephyr, which sweeps away the mists and vapors, and presents a transparent sky through which the undimmed luminary may shine. On the other hand, no one could be insensible to the power of her attractions, for the music of her voice, the sweetness of her smile, the grace of her manners, all excited so much admiration, invested her with a popularity so universal and enthusiastic, that Napoleon was, at times, not a little disturbed by jealousy.

In 1800, two years before the birth of Alexander Dumas, pere, that great writer of France, the greatest the world has ever produced, in 1800, February 19th, Josephine was the wife of the First Consul. Here we see her enter the Tuileries, the gorgeously-illuminated apartments of the palace, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, she being dressed in the elegance of the most perfect simplicity, while a murmur of admiration arose

from the whole assembly. She was attired in a robe of white muslin, her pretty hair fell in graceful ringlets upon her lovely neck and shoulders, while a magnificent necklace of pearls, being of great value, completed her costume. The queenly elegance of her figure, the inimitable grace of her movements, the peculiar conversational tact she possessed, and the melody of a voice which, once heard, never was forgotten, gave to Josephine, on this eventful evening, a social triumph corresponding with that which Napoleon had received during the day.

I can see her at Turin, at the battlefield of Marengo, at Milan, Genoa, navigating the Mediterranean, and Mayence; I can see her at Munich, being present at the nuptials of Eugene and the Prince Royal of Bavaria; finally, I can see her at St. Cloud, Versailles, Rambouillet, Fontainebleau, and Spain.

One beautiful day in 1814, Josephine, the Emperor Alexander, and a number of illustrious guests, dined at Malmaison, whereupon, in the evening of twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the palace for recreation. Thus, Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold, which, upon the following day, became worse. And, without any definite form of disease, day after day, she grew more faint and feeble, it finally being evident that her last change was at hand.

May 29, 1814, a tranquil summer's day was fading away into a cloudless, serene, beautiful evening, while the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the empress was dying; here the vesper songs of the birds, which filled the groves of Malmaison, floated sweetly upon the ear, while the gentle spirit of Josephine, lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sank into its last sleep.

The Emperor Alexander, Eugene, and Hortense were beside her. Josephine called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion. Just after this solemnity, Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears were kneeling at their mother's side. Josephine, in a state of weakness, beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, whereupon she said to him and her children: "I have always desired the happiness of France, and have always, within my power, to contribute to it; hence, I can say with truth, to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." Immediately upon the conclusion of these words, she asked for the portrait of Napoleon. When she received it, she looked at it long and tenderly, then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, she faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hath seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my last wish and prayer were for him and my children." For a short while silence ensued, then, yet looking at the portrait of Napoleon, she suddenly exclaimed: "L'isle d'Elbe—Napoleon!" and died.

The Emperor Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, then uttered the following affecting and just tribute of respect to her memory: "She is no more; that woman whom France named the beneficent, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her, whereupon she dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

For four days her body remained in state for its burial; during this time more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her beloved remains, and on the 2d of June, at mid-day, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. Here the funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, as the sovereigns of the allies' armies united with the French in doing honor to her memory. Thus, when all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and tears.

A beautiful monument of white marble, representing the empress kneeling in her coronation robes, is erected over her burial-place, with this simple, yet affecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE

to

JOSEPHINE

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

February 17th, 1770, three thousand indignant people assembled in Boston without retaliation, expressing abhorrence and contempt of the English soldiers as enemies to the constitution, to the peace of the city, and the home. The soldiers, on seeing the dissatisfaction of the citizens, replied by publicly exhibiting insulting placards in various communities, which, arousing the anger of the people, caused two successive days to be engaged in affray, whereupon wounds and bruises were received on both sides.

Amid such revolutionary spirit, a middle-aged man, standing among many persons of various nationalities, ages, and different ambitions, was delivering a speech, sending forth words of justice, fraternity, equality, liberty, communicating to his auditors the home-loving words of freedom. The crowd continued to grow, just as a nation grows—a family, community, city, county, state, nation—for every passer-by who heard his voice stopped, looked, listened, agreed, and finally joined him and his advocates.

"Citizens," continued the speaker, "I hold a Boston newspaper in my hand, a paper within which is an interesting paragraph, one that I am going to read to you. Here it is, listen: 'September 30th, 1750, a Mulatto, named Crispus, about twenty-seven years of age, six feet two inches high, curled hair, knees nearer together than common, ran away from his master, William Brown, of Bramingham. This said Crispus wore a light coloured Bearskin Coat, plain brown Fustian Jacket, or brown All Wool one, new Buck Skin breeches, blue Yarn Stockings, and a checked woolen shirt. Whoever shall take up said runaway, and convey him to his above said master, shall have ten pounds, old Tenor Reward, and all necessary charges paid. All masters or vessels, and others, are hereby cautioned against concealing or carrying off said servant on penalty of the law.'

"Citizens, this paragraph is a reprint; the original appeared in the Boston Gazette October 2nd, 1750, which was twenty years ago. Thus, that the runaway, at the time he ran away from his master, was twenty-seven years of age, today, February 17th, 1770, he is forty-seven years of age. And, has he been taken into captivity? I say no, for I who stand before you, I am the runaway, the ex-slave, Crispus Attucks. Moreover, no man, let him be police, judge, senator, president, king, or pope, not one of them will make me a slave again without bloodshed."

The spectators, upon hearing these words, became enthusiastic, whereupon the men threw their hats in mid air, while

the women waved their handkerchiefs, exclaiming words of praise. Here and there, those who never saw or heard Crispus Attucks before, looked at and listened to him spellbound, thinking that God had sent him to Boston, sent him there with a divine mission to accomplish. Here he continued speaking with the profundity of a philosopher, the eloquence of an orator, and the passionate articulations of a revolutionist, causing the auditors to draw closer, listening to every word that came from his mouth, a mouth from which came ideas, thoughts, truths, imaginations, all which finally made him be taken into the arms of the revolutionary crowd.

Upon being released from the crowd, Attucks said:

"Come on, you sons and daughters of liberty! Follow me!"

"We are with you, comrade!" exclaimed Gray.

"We surely are!" ejaculated Maverick.

"And so are we!" came from every mouth of the emotional crowd.

Hereupon the liberty-loving multitude moved like a storm, going through Broadway and the Bowery where a liberty pole was erected, strongly guarded by iron bands and bars being deeply sunk into the earth, having this inscription thereon: Liberty and Property.

"Citizens!" exclaimed Attucks, as he placed his hand on the Liberty pole, "this pole of freedom recalls to me the brave name of MacDougall, the son of a devout Presbyterian of the Scottish isle of Ila, a man who had made a fortune as a sailor, he who himself cultivated his mind, courageous and fiery, yet methodical and self-possessed. This man, MacDougall, in consequence of his appeal to the people against the concession of the Assembly, which voted supplies to the troops, was indicted for libel. Hence, this first son of liberty, upon refusing to give bail, was visited by such throngs in his prison, that he was obliged to appoint hours for their reception. Let us bow our heads in the deepest respect for this eternal son of liberty.

"You inhabitants of Boston, listen to me, hear what I have to say concerning contemporary history. The determination to keep from paying the Parliament's taxes has spread into every social circle, whereupon, within one week, three hundred wives of this city, within two weeks, a hundred and ten more, with one hundred and twenty-six of the young and unmarried of their sex, have renounced the use of tea till the Revenue Acts shall be repealed. This being the case, as our enemy, the soldiers of the English, parade with their twelve rounds of ball, and while Hutchinson is destroying our town meetings, we do resolve to fight to the last, fight until death. For, dear citizens, when I relate to you the case of Theophilus

Lillie, you will, without a doubt, fight until you can not fight any more."

"Let us hear about said case!" came from one direction of the crowd.

"To be a certainty!" came from another direction.

Here Crispus Attucks related the following story:

"Theophilus Lillie, who had begun to sell contrary to the agreement, found a post planted in front of his door, with a hand, in derision, pointed towards his house. One of his neighbors, Richardson, an informer, asked a country-man to break the post down by driving the wheel of his cart against it. Here, a crowd, on seeing such act being put into execution, interposed, whereupon a number of boys chased Richardson to his own house, simultaneously throwing stones at him. Richardson, being provoked, but not endangered, fired among the boys, whereupon he killed one eleven years of age, the son of a poor German. At the funeral of this poor German boy five hundred children walked in front of the bier; six of his schoolfellows held the pall; men of various ranks moved in procession from Liberty Tree to the Town Hall, thence to the burying place, while soldiers and officers looked on with wounded pride.

"Now, dear citizens, are you going to stand for such treatment?"

"No!" said Caldwell, whose exclamation rose above the crowd.

"What are we going to do, then?" interrogated Gray.

"Follow the instructions of Crispus Attucks!" exclaimed Maverick.

"Ah, what are his instructions!" put in the crowd, passionately.

"My advice is this: Let us arm ourselves with the best armaments that we can obtain; with the aid of these implements of war, and the loyalty of the citizens, we will fight the English soldiers with the greatest force in our power."

"Citizens, we have heard—so be it!" thundered Gray.

Men and women, both young and old, boys and girls, everybody who could fight, became possessed of a club, stone, sword, knife, gun, anything fightable, whereupon they paraded the streets with shouts of revenge, beat, cut, burn, kill. Hereupon the inhabitants of the city, those who were indoors, came to their fences, windows, doors, looked, listened, then joined the revolutionary crowd of enthusiastic revolutionists, a hungry crowd of death-hunters, a marching multitude of Reign of Terror, Revolutionary France come to life in Boston.

"Fight for your life!"

"Fight for liberty, justice, peace!"

"Fear nobody, though he be the devil himself!"

Such were some of their loud remarks, being accompanied with heroic gesticulations, triumphant facial expressions, their whole body denoting victory. And, as they marched on and on, some singing patriotic songs, others making fun of their future dead, telling how they were going to kill the soldiers, here and there was a comical scene. For, some women had table knives, broomsticks, irons, pots, and various other fighting house objects that they joined the passing crowd with as they ran out of their houses.

Kilroi, a common soldier of the twenty-ninth regiment, was a notoriously bad fellow, being licentious and overbearing. This being the case, while the angry multitude was passing said regiment, Kilroi remarked: "I will never miss an opportunity of firing upon these inhabitants, for I have always desired, ever since I have been in Boston, to kill some of them." Here some of the revolutionists heard what he said, which caused a disturbance, whereupon the soldiers made an attack, the crowd becoming defeated.

Quarrels, affrays, fights, disturbances of all kinds now became great; parties of soldiers began to ride through the streets, converting the streets of Boston into a battlefield, no man's land. A band played its war music, animating the souls of men, women, boys and girls with the intonations of hate, while the deathly sounds caused the soldiers' horses to pace with vigorous life. Clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets waved in the air; the crowd provoked resistance and an affray ensued, which ended in a short time, neither side becoming victorious.

They had come to the gate of the barrack-yard. Ensign Maul, standing at the gate, said to the soldiers:

"Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them, stick them, knock them down, run your bayonets through them!"

"Ah," said a little boy, "there is a mean fellow who has not paid my father for dressing his hair!"

The soldier to whom the boy pointed, he who owed his father, his father being a barber, for dressing his hair, went close to the boy, and, with his musket, gave the boy a stroke on the head, which made him stagger and cry for pain. Thus, Crispus Attucks was standing within the distance, where, as he saw the boy fall in the street, went to him, picked him up, then passed his hand over his forehead. As he did this, he thought of himself when he was a slave, a little boy being subject to the whip of his master. Hereupon his blood began to run hot, his eyes to flash, his soul to become strong, while his muscular body took on the power of a giant; hence, he advanced toward the soldier, a man, a fighter, one of the brave English, and said to him:

"Why have you hit this boy?"

"Because I felt like doing so."

"Do you mean to tell me that you struck that child to satisfy such a foolish desire?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"You are a coward!"

"What! To prove that I am no coward, I will hit you!"

"But do not hit me with your bullets. If you are a real man, sir, you will fight me with your fists."

"Well, then, to show you that I am a real man, come on!"

"So be it!"

Both of them sprang into the middle of the street; the crowd gathered closer; the fight began. Both punched, struggled, fought in a mania of human conflict, whereupon Attucks sent an uppercut under his enemy's chin, causing him to scuffle about the street in order to keep himself on his feet. Here he ran into Attucks like a storm, a bombardment raining grape shot upon a city. But Attucks was the champion, for he defended the powerful human invasion with his strong fists, knocking him down, then stood over him like a knight of old, while his crowd, and even some of the soldiers, that it was a man to man and fair fight, howled to the top of their voices, giving praise to the victor, Crispus Attucks.

The beaten enemy arose, his eyes black, his mouth full of blood, his clothes torn, and his hair deranged. He staggered to Attucks, extended his hand, then said:

"Give me your hand; I acknowledge that you are the best man."

"I do not shake the hand of an enemy."

"But I am not your enemy."

"Who is, then?"

"The king of England, by whom I have been sent to Boston."

"Have you not been sent here to execute his orders?"

"I have."

"Are you performing your duty?"

"To be a certainty."

"This duty being the king's duty?"

"Exactly."

"Well, then, that the king is my enemy, and that you and your kind are carrying out the orders of the king, you are my enemy."

"This being the case, that you will not let me be your friend, I will be your enemy!"

Another fight immediately ensued between them, which was stopped at once.

The revolutionists had now become vexed, angry, being in a state to massacre, burn, kill; and, that they had seen Attucks fight so bravely, they, themselves, had become desirous of

fighting. Hence, as they went on, passing through various streets, now and then being made fun of by the soldiers, the crowd became enlarged, becoming a regiment, an army, a little nation. Here the soldiers became afraid to bother them as they passed, for they were too great in number, too powerful in revolutionary implements, having all the signs of victory. Thus, they finally reached King Street.

Being enthusiastic, the boys whistled through their fingers, huzzaed, beat cans, and made funny gesticulations at the soldiers, while the women and girls snapped their fingers and laughed, the men sharing in said doings. This caused many of the soldiers to become enraged, making them passionate for an affray. On the other hand, some of the soldiers began to curse, act roughly, do everything that they could do in order to provoke a fight. Hereupon Crispus Attucks commanded his army to stop, then said:

"Come on, you cowardly rascals, you bloody backs, lobsters, scoundrels, and lay your guns aside and we are ready for you!"

"Shut up, you damn Mulatto!" said Montgomery.

"I will keep my mouth closed if you give me peace, justice, and a bit of liberty, sir."

"You, an ex-slave, one with black blood in your veins, to be given peace, justice, liberty by me! Never, you low-down, good-for-nothing, Negroid scoundrel!"

"I do not expect you to respect the white blood that flows in my veins, for you are not low, a rascal, but the devil himself. Furthermore, I am not asking for my own justice, but for every man, woman, boy, and girl whom you see standing before you—white, yellow, and black."

"Why do you fight for a white man when he is envious of you doing so, why do you fight for a black man when he hates you? Ah, answer me, you ignorant Mulatto fool!"

"Sir, I respect you, though you are my enemy, the enemy of the people. Contrariwise, I fight for white men, women, boys, and girls because I know that all white persons are not bad, that some of them love me; I fight for black men, women, boys, and girls because I also know that they do have a little love in their hearts, even if it is for the black blood that runs in my veins."

"So you are a philosopher?"

"No, sir."

"A thinker?"

"I am."

"What kind?"

"Revolutionary."

"Well, then, revolute if you dare!"

"I have always responded to a dare."

"Do so now, then, if you dare!"

"I dare!"

The revolutionists and soldiers now began to fight; clubs, pans, stones, pots, irons, all were thrown among the soldiers; men and women fired guns, being infuriated, being greedy dogs for their prey, such being the instinct of a revolution. Attucks cut, fired at, knocked down, pushed through the soldiers, like a madman, leading the citizens into the midst of a real fight, a hard struggle. Snow-balls, with stones in them, were thrown by the girls. Here Kilroi, he who would not pay the poor barber, fired at Samuel Gray, the friend of Attucks, and killed him; others fell, some being dead, many wounded. Attucks hit Preston, the captain of the twenty-ninth regiment, on the head with a stick, knocked a soldier down with his fist, knocked another to one side with his foot, and rushed further into the crowd, rushing to his death with shouts of come on, come on, until finally Preston shot him dead, he, Crispus Attucks, the first hero of the Boston Massacre.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW FIELD MUSEUM

I am now thirty years of age; I have not seen Norma nor Happy for five years, for they went to England four years ago. Contrariwise, I receive letters from them very often. They have just sent a picture to me of their little girl, who is four years of age, and whose first name is Lorenza. Norma told me before she left, that, and with the deepest confidence in herself, that if she should bring forth a child, she told me before she went to England that her first girl would receive the appellation Lorenza. Moreover, Lorenza is a very pretty girl; she is the picture of her mother. Thus, I can not keep from loving her. Her mouth, nose, ears, all are the inherited characteristics of femininity that she has been given by her mother.

I am a fellow who is always desirous of going to the first opening of some celebrated spectacle. The New Field Museum opens today. I am going to be in front of the building when it opens. Hence, I am going to motor there within an hour.

I have now arrived at my destination. Before I enter this building of natural accumulations, a stupendous structure wherein there is a collection of various components of nature, geologically, archaeologically, ethnologically, classically, and so on, before I make my entrance for an observation of the different natural collections, I am going to take into consideration the externality and internality of its architecture and various other particulars in a state of meditation, because I have been in the building before its opening for the public. For, without doing this, I cannot do justice to our Chicagoan structure of knowledge, and, simultaneously, stamp upon our philosophical memory the much thought of services which have been rendered us by scientists, philosophers, naturalists, artists, and finally, mentioning the illustrious appellation of its founder, Marshall Field, and its intellectual president of today, Stanley Field.

South of Grant Park just opposite the end of East Roosevelt Road is the site of the new Field Museum of Natural History; the building is three hundred feet wide and seven hundred feet long, its exterior being Georgia white marble of about eighty feet high, treated in a monumental manner which is based on Greek architecture of the Ionic order. The principal fronts are divided into a large pedimented central pavilion with two long wings terminated by a smaller pavilion at each end. One of the principal features of the structure is a terrace, about forty feet wide, which completely surrounds the building and rises about six feet above the adjacent territory. And, to enter this building, we have to ascend about

twenty-three marble steps, about two feet wide.

We now enter. On the west side of the entrance is a place for checking canes, umbrellas and parcels; a fee of five cents is charged for this service. Information concerning the Museum and its activities may be obtained here; guides, photographs, and picture post cards are sold here. On the east side of the entrance is another place that is similar to the one on the west side where scientific and artistic publications may be procured. Facing these two places, in the center of the nave of the building, there is another place where photographs and picture post cards may be bought. In this main entrance, on the east side, a public telephone may be found. Opposite the telephone is a small, magnificently decorated room of privacy. Moreover, the sculptural decoration of the main hall, dedicated to Stanley Field, the president of the institution, includes four figures designed by Henry Hering. These figures symbolize the aims and purposes of the Museum and suggest the various activities inspired within its walls. The figures flanking the north archway represent Natural Science and the Dissemination of Knowledge while those at the south archway typify Research and Record. Hence, in this structure, the architects, Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, have given to the city of Chicago and the country, a masterpiece of monumental building having distinction and dignity commensurate with its purpose and origin.

We will not witness the opening of this magnificent building to the general public. It is May 3, 1921; standing here and there amid the furious wind that is coming from the sublime lake, men, women and children, composing a body of about five hundred human beings, the philosophical personages of Chicago, their eager souls being animated with the joy of knowledge, and their eyes of keen observation awaiting the opening of the massive Museum doors, here they are standing, while suddenly an enthusiastic person takes a watch from his pocket, and exclaims in a state of intellectual beatitude:

"It is ten o'clock! ten o'clock! The doors are now opening!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Bravo! Bravo!" comes from the various directions of the enlivened crowd.

"Get off my feet! my feet! my feet!" ejaculates a youth of about eighteen.

"Hush! you impudent young fellow; let us have silence, for we are not savages entering a civilized structure," says an elderly man.

Amid the crowd that is delivering hurrahs, bravos, different kinds of benedictions, and other exclamations of various kinds, amid this spirited body falls a beautiful young woman upon the marble steps, and I go to her rescue, put her upon her feet, and

then accompany her with polite assistance into the building. We being within the Museum, I am imploring her to enter a place of privacy and examine herself to see if she has become injured in any way. But she assures me that she is perfectly safe from injuries. So, this little incident causing us to become somewhat intimate, we make ourselves acquainted as follows:

"I am very much grateful to you, my dear sir, for taking such an interest in a clumsy creature like me," said the beautiful young woman, as she smiled.

"Ah, my dear madame, shame on you for saying that you are clumsy. Indeed, I was almost thrown down amid the furious crowd myself."

"Now, now, sir, you are taking up for me!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I do not object."

"Well, then, that you have indirectly given the liberty to me to take up for you, oblige me by giving the privilege to me of forming your acquaintance."

"My name is BIRTHA Polton."

"I am delighted to have an introduction to you, Miss Polton. My name is Lorenzo Lucchesini. Moreover, to please your inquiring mind of mentality, I may add that I am an artist."

"I am very much pleased to know you, Mr. Lucchesini; and, besides, to have the honor of being acquainted with an artist. My professional appellation is feminist; my avocation is inventor."

"Ah, what a rare species of the woman world, you a feminist and inventor!"

"Now that we are acquainted, Mr. Lucchesini, let us take our philosophical promenade throughout the different halls of the Museum," said BIRTHA, as if she had been knowing me a thousand years.

So we now begin an observation in Stanley Field Hall, which occupies the nave of the building. This is what we see: in the first case, prehistoric American gold ornaments from Colombia and Ecuador, South America. In the second case, an ancient Roman bronze bathtub, from Boscoreale, Italy. In the third case, another ancient Roman bathtub of bronze, from Boscoreale, Italy. In the fourth case, synoptic exhibit of jade carvings from ancient Mexico, New Zealand, and China. In case five, marine fauna of various types of beautiful sponges, precious corals, sea urchins, and shells. In case six, an ancient bronze table and other bronze and glass objects from Boscoreale, Italy. In case seven, select specimens of Chinese art, as represented by ancient ceramics, bronze, and cloisonne enamel. In case eight, gold and silver jewelry from India. In case nine, amber and amber-like resins, which is the finest

collection of amber-like resins known. In case ten, large meteorite of iron, weighing three thousand two hundred seventy-five pounds, which fell near Tonopah, Nevada; it was found in 1908, and ranks tenth in size among known meteorites. In case eleven, bronze casting and carvings of wood and ivory from Benin, Africa. Thus, being within the distance of ten paces of the African elephants mounted in fighting attitude, we leave the cases and walk closer to them.

"Oh, are they not enormous elephants!" said BIRTHA.

"They are," said I. "They were secured on a museum expedition to British East Africa in 1906. The larger of the two measures ten feet by ten and a half inches at the shoulders, and its tusks weigh ninety-three and ninety-five pounds."

"I see you are somewhat familiarized with some interesting facts concerning the Museum."

"Yes, Miss Polton, somewhat."

"Now," said I, after we had looked at the African elephants for some time, "let us have an observation of the Chinese honorary gateway that has been carved from teak wood." And, as we reach the beautiful architectural Chinese masterpiece, I resume: "This honorary gateway is nineteen feet high, sixteen feet nine inches wide; it was made by Chinese Orphanage of Sikkawei, near Shanghai."

"It surely is artistic. I would like to have it in my house. It would be a pleasure for me to sit down and look at it."

"Well, some day, you may have one like that."

"Perhaps; who knows?"

"Ah, nobody knows the inmost secrets of the future; there are possibilities and probabilities for us all."

"Those two pottery wine-jars of Roman times are excellently made, are they not?" said BIRTHA, as she glanced to one side.

"They are. Besides, they are expensive jars. Come, now, Miss BIRTHA, let us enter the second hall, which has a collection of Egyptian and classical archaeology."

As we are making our departure from the nave of the building, the first hall, we are glancing at the different contents incased in the various cases that we missed when we were attracted by the African elephants and the Chinese honorary gateway. On reaching the first hall we turn to the east and, on entering, we are in Edward E. Ayer Hall. Here we are amid the antiquities from ancient Egypt, such as notably pottery, bronze, marble and alabaster vases, figures of deities in bronze and stone, portrait statues, and seventeen cases containing jewelry and ushebti figures, and seventeen cases containing coffins and mummies ranging from the pre-dynastic to the Roman period, and so on, and so on. Here, standing before the first case, BIRTHA says:

"There are surely many sizes and different shapes of pottery

in this case; that terra cotta bottle of lenticular shape, from the Greek period, Lower Egypt, is very pretty."

"It is. But those in the second case are more attractive, I think. They are small and large, and of many forms. Ah, look at those spoons, bowls, dippers, covers, decanters, and pots of bronze from ancient Egypt," said I, while we were walking slowly. "And those vases of stone, and vessels, which are very small and of medium size, with many pretty colors; really, they are artistic."

"Most assuredly."

"Now, statuettes of gods, temple bronzes and mirrors! I am very much interested in them. Look at Sekmet; his eyes are inlaid with gold. And, according to the inscription around the base, it was dedicated by a man named Nesi-pekhnot. Moreover, look at the largest bronze cat that has ever been found, which was sacred to Bast Bubastis."

"That is a nice bronze lion god beside the cat."

"And, behold, here we have the gods Hur-pekhrot, and Ptah; the statue of Ptah is very fine work, for it is richly overlaid with gold, the eyes being inlaid with the same material. Here is a double Osiris also. Oh, ye gods!" said I, enthusiastically.

"Do not disturb the gods! Let them have peace!" ejaculated Birtha, in a low tone.

"To be a certainty; but where are the goddesses?"

"Oh, we may see some yet. Do not be in a hurry." She accompanied this expression with a loving smile, which causes me to say:

"I think that I have seen a goddess already."

"Where? I have not seen any yet."

"Why, you do not understand."

"How?"

"Because you are the goddess to whom I refer."

"Now, now, Mister Lucchesini!"

"Never mind your 'now, now, Mister Lucchesini!' You are the goddess, all right."

"You are the first person of the masculine gender to ever bestow such a precious title upon me, I assure you."

"Do not flatter me."

"I am not flattering you whatsoever; I am honest."

"Well, then, I hope that I may always have the privilege to call you such an adorable appellation."

"You do not have to hope so, Mister Lucchesini, for I give the permission to you of doing so."

"Do you mean to say that I may call you my goddess?"

"Exactly."

"Ah, my goddess, we are neglecting our philosophical promenade. Nevertheless, I do find you more interesting than the entire contents of this stupendous building."

"So much for that, Mister—"

"Do not Mister me any longer; just call me Lorenzo."

"All right, Lorenzo."

We have now walked as far as the mummies. We are looking into a large case that contains an Egyptian mummy in the form of a skeleton, crouched in a peculiar attitude, of a brownish and black color. Here and there are mummy cases of many forms. We are paying particular attention to a mummy case of a lady named Naji-Rames of the twenty-seventh dynasty, seventh century before Christ. Further on we see mummies of women and children. On leaving these mummies, we come in contact with ancient glassware. Here we see a pretty Roman oil flagon that was used in the public baths; a Roman chytra, with large, flat, and crooked handle, the body being pear-shaped, with collarette in relief, and the neck shaped like a funnel. Besides, here and there, in the large case, are a Roman lecythus perfume bottle in the form of quince; pretty Roman flasks; and, small olla without handles, of Roman cobalt-blue glass.

We now enter the third hall, which is a collection by Mary D. Sturges; here we look at the Eskimo culture as illustrated in its wide geographical range extending along the Arctic shores of America from Labrador to northeastern Siberia. The dependence of the Eskimo on hunting and fishing is well brought out, being particularly elucidated by four life-size groups showing the chase and capture of the seal, preparation of skins, and winter fishing through a hole in the ice. The east section of the hall is given over to the Indian tribes of the northwest coast in the following order: Tlingit, Tsimshian, Haida, and Kwakiutl; the religious and ceremonial aspect of life, which dominates the activities of these peoples, is well represented, notably in three life-size groups picturing several stages in the Hamatsa dance of the Kwakiutl. Hence, in passing through this hall, now and then we stop beside some case and scrutinize its contents. Winter suits for Eskimo men, women and children; shoes, belts, footwear, gloves, mittens, and so on, and so on, come into the observation of our satisfied minds.

"Everything in the Museum cannot be studied in one day, Lorenzo; thus, let us leave this hall," said Birtha, as we left the third hall and walked slowly into the fourth hall.

"You are right, Birtha; I do think that we are giving too much attention to each hall, just now."

"Well, then, let us not detail so particularly."

"So be it."

"Oh, I just must pay particular attention to those archaeological implements, for I am very interested in them. Look at that deerhoof rattle and nez perce necklace; those buckskin

bags, moccasins, fan-shaped combs, and that pair of garters are artistically made. Besides, look at that decorated hide, those rawhide containers, ceremonial clubs and flutes. I wish that I had one of those fans that is made out of an eagle wing!"

"You will be wishing that you were an Indian next!"

"No, no, I am good enough an American as I am."

"But you would have the honor to say that you were a real American."

"Even so, I rather be that which I am than to have the honor of being an aboriginal."

"You win!"

"Now, let us go into the adjoining hall, which is concerning the Indian tribes of the Great Plains."

"I shall follow you, my guide; proceed."

"Look at that arrow straightener; this is the first time that I have ever seen one. That is a peculiar looking collection of root and grass medicine of various kinds; that hammer of oval stone, with rawhide binding and covering for a handle, was used by the Indians to pound meat, cherries and berries."

"Ah," said I, as we were walking, passing many cases, "the Thunder Ceremony, the sacrifice of a captive maiden, the animal dance of a medicine man, and the purification of the sacred bundles of the part of the Pawnee; what curious and infamous notions they had!"

"Indians again; let us leave this hall, if you do not object. I have seen enough of Indians and their materials," said Birtha, as we entered hall six, which has collections of the Indian tribes of California and Nomadic tribes of Arizona and New Mexico.

"I agree with you; for we will see nothing but ornaments, implements, ceremonial costumes, dance skirts and aprons, weapons, baskets and blankets. Although, those two life-size figures of two Pomo medicine men, one conjuring seed, the other holding a ceremony over the deceased, standing in the west entrance, are very interesting and realistic."

"The religious and ceremonial life of the Hopi of Arizona is brought out with great care and detail," mentioned Birtha, as we were passing through hall seven.

"It is."

"Indians again!"

"Ethnological and archaeological collections!"

"Let your exclamations be in a lower tone, Lorenzo. That woman and man who just passed us looked at you somewhat indignantly."

"Do not think that I am impudent, Birtha, but they had better look at what they have entered this building to see. Moreover, my goddess, I shall be rather cautious, hereafter."

"That group," pointed out Birtha, "consisting mainly of mummies and fine textiles from the prehistoric graveyard at Ancon, Peru, is of exceptional interest."

"Aha."

"What are you doing, speaking broken English?"

"No; destructive English."

"Well, do not let your annihilating expressions explode during my presence, because I do not wish to be killed by the furious vibrations of your powerful utterances."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As we walk on slowly, we do not utter another word for about ten minutes. During this short silence of speech, we pass through halls nine, ten, and, according to the systematic arrangement of the halls, we continue our silent and philosophical promenade through halls twenty-four, thirty-two and thirty-three. After going throughout these departments, we finally ascend the sublime staircase of marble and bronze, and, on entering hall twenty-five, of the second floor, we proceed throughout the various departments of botany, which comprises six halls. And, just as soon as we finish our observations in the departments of botany, we continue throughout the geological departments, which are five halls. When we reach the last geological hall, we stop for a short time before the skeleton of a dinosaur.

"Oh, but what a huge skeleton!" said she.

"It is a giant lizard; it is about twenty feet high and seventy feet long. A single bone of that skeleton weighs six hundred fifty pounds."

We now re-enter one of the geological departments, hall thirty-four, and sit down on a fine bench, within the observation of the William J. Chalmers crystal collection. Here we sit to rest our limbs. While doing so, the following conversation takes place:

"It must have cost a great deal to build this Museum," said Birtha.

"\$6,750,000."

"Really!"

"Exactly."

"That surely is an enormous amount of money."

"Besides, there are \$15,000,000 worth of collections within the entire building."

"How long did it take for the construction of this magnificent Museum?"

"Six years; that is to say, six years to merely build it. To be more exact, why, the plans for this building began as a sketch in 1902, and reached the form of final working plans in 1906, and went under contract in 1911. The building was actually put under construction on the present site, in 1915, and is

now open, twenty-seven years from the inception of the enterprise."

"Twenty-seven years to erect one building. What a long time!"

"Oh, that is not very long. Let us take into consideration the construction of Saint Peter's, in Rome. It required fifty years for the erection of the mass of the building, and 150 years more for the final construction. Twenty-two popes and thirteen architects gave their time and effort to this undertaking."

"You are very wise. How old is this Museum?"

"It is only a baby; it is just twenty-seven years old. Moreover, this little addition concerning your question, is not out the way. In the lead is the British Museum, founded in 1753; and Germany is said to possess the second in rank, while for the third place the Field Museum of Natural History and the American Museum of Natural History of New York are having a race for the third greatest Museum in the world."

"You certainly do answer questions satisfactorily."

"I appreciate your courteous compliment most profoundly, I assure you."

"It required one year for everything to be moved from the old Field Museum into this one. You see, Lorenzo, I do know something."

"Of course, you do. Who has said that you do not know anything?"

"Nobody."

"You are correct. I have never heard 'nobody' say anything in my life."

"Ha, ha!"

"Do not laugh too loud—I beg pardon for cautioning your personality."

"You have just as much right to give precautions to me as I have the privilege to admonish you."

"That is true. You did give some advice to me a few minutes since."

"Tell me, Lorenzo, is the old Field Museum going to be wrecked?"

"No, no, I should say not! not that architectural masterpiece of American art!"

"Well, then, what is the decision?"

"Of the south park commissioners, you mean?"

"Yes."

"As far as I do know, the decision of the commissioners was made public at the meeting of the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs in the Morrison hotel, April 27, by George W. Maher, architect, and chairman of the Municipal Art and Town Planning committee, Illinois chapter American Institute of

Architects, which opposed the destruction of the Columbian exposition relic. Here, he spoke on 'The Old Field Museum: The Greatest Building in the World Architectually.'

"That you are desirous of being informed particularly concerning the Fine Arts building, I here give some of the exact words to you of the illustrious architect and celebrated art advocate of Chicago: 'The Fine Arts building, located at Jackson park, is the last remaining memorial to the World's Columbian exposition of 1893. It was one of the most conspicuous structures in that galaxy of famous buildings.

" 'The many art uses to which this building could be advantageously employed, would materially assist in making of Chicago the art center of America.

" 'It has been recommended that the entire exterior, including the statuary, be of waterproof cement plaster, and that when completed, the structure will appear architectually exactly the same as during the World's Fair period. The expert estimate for performing this work, inclusive of installing a heating plant, plumbing fixtures, and new glass in the roof skylights, amounts to \$1,640,000. The building as it stands today in Jackson park occupies an approximate area of four and three-quarters acres, and has a probable value of at least \$3,000,000. If wrecked there would be no salvage and an additional expense for adjusting and leveling the park grounds.

" 'The \$1,640,000 for rehabilitating the structure is not extravagant, since the building could not be properly erected today for less than \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000.

" 'It is hoped to preserve this historic structure with the firm belief that at some future time it will be replaced in marble and bronze as a permanent memorial to Chicago and America's greatest art achievement.' "

"Now, that you have imparted to me the desired information that I have asked you for, oblige me by telling me what time it is."

"It is eleven o'clock," replied I, as I consulted my watch.

"Well, then, let us finish our philosophical promenade."

"All right. That we are on the second floor, let us visit the Higinbotham Hall; it has an excellent collection of gems and jewels."

"So be it."

We now walk through hall thirty-four until we reach one of the superb colonnades, and, as we turn to our right, and proceed for hall thirty-one, looking at the opulent work of the inspiring architecture, uttering a few words of praise, exalting the massive decorations designed by the architects, Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, and, finally, the celebrated Henry Hering, a former pupil of Augustus Saint Gaudens. In doing

this, we eventually arrive at our destination; here we enter a small room with cases on the walls and floor.

Rings, lavallieres, brooches, silver plated mesh bags, and solid silver, fancy engraved powder cases are here from Egypt; hatpins, bracelets, bar pins, scarf pins, necklaces, pin sets and plat-pin sets are here from Algeria; gold filled bib holders, gold filled chain pin sets, pendant neck chains, high grade pearl bead necklaces, lockets and earrings are here from Bulgaria; besides, a wonderful collection of prehistoric American gold ornaments are here beautifully displayed. All these precious constituents of the earth, the natural productions of geological components, all, glittering with their superb lights of charm, arouses within the mind of BIRTHA a longing to possess them. Moreover, the classical gems and jewels from Greece, Rome, and India, all increases BIRTHA's desire to decorate her body with the costly materials of magnificence.

"Those specimens are of historical interest," said BIRTHA.

"They are of high intrinsic value."

"Those DeVrees engraved diamond and Hope and Tiffany aquamarines are certainly attractive."

"They are; and those Russian topazes and that series of cut amethysts and the Sun God opal, all of them, according to their arrangement, are wonderfully displayed."

"And," continued BIRTHA, "and, that collection of crystallized and wire gold and of gold nuggets are very valuable, apparently."

"Oh, but those Greek and Roman cameos and intaglios are very pretty; I do like to see them," said BIRTHA, her eyes devouring the artistically made objects.

After seeing everything that is to be seen in this chamber, we re-enter the superb colonnade, walk to the end of it, and finally descend the staircase, walking slowly into the zoological department, and, on finding ourselves in hall thirteen, amid horned and hoofed mammals, we are confronted with a large habitat group of Alaska Moose. Further on, as we promenade slowly, our observations are filled with the deer family, the antelopes, gazelles, wild sheep, goats, and oxen. Hence, continuing our optical perceptions of the externalities of nature's creatures, we enter the adjoining hall, which, being composed of the horse family, the tapirs, sea-cows, rodents, cat family, dog family, and terminating with the highest mammals, the monkeys and manlike apes, which, being systematically arranged, they educate and amuse us to our utmost desire of individuality.

Now, that we are becoming rather bored and fatigued, and having seven more halls to promenade, we resolve to finish walking through the rest of the halls, merely looking here and there, not paying any particular attention to anything whatso-

ever. Hence, passing mammals of many kinds, such as sheep, bears, and so on, and, passing skeletons of frogs, birds, apes, and whales; then, passing reptiles, marine fauna, shells-insects, birds-habitat groups, and African game animals, we finally complete our observations of the Field Museum of Natural History.

"When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again, BIRTHA?" said I, after we had come out of the Museum.

"Oh, I am not particular; any time."

"But how?"

"Here is my card. When you ever have a desire to be in my presence, just telephone me. I shall always be at your service to entertain you."

"I assure you, BIRTHA, you are going to have the opportunity to bestow upon me, and with your politeness of a tender and feminine heart, the hospitality of your loving individuality."

"Well, then, let us hope so, for I am in favor of being in a position wherein I may render you such a delightful courtesy," said she, as she entered her car.

"So be it, then; I shall now let you depart."

"God be with you till we meet again" exclaimed she, in an undertone, as she and her car left the Museum, the automobile being put into locomotion with the aid of her own brains, hands, and feet.

"Good-bye, my goddess!" responded I, as I entered my car. Then I, too, driving my own car away from the structure of knowledge, simultaneously looking at the card that she gave to me, and a masculine smile of intellectuality covering my face of joy.

I have arrived home, and, upon entering my parlor, where, sitting down, meditating about the philosophical promenade that I underwent with BIRTHA, I am just realizing what I have done. For I had made up my mind not to come in contact with another woman as long as I live. But now, that I have violated my resolution, my previous thoughts of future determination have become annihilated. Nevertheless, let that come which may for the time being, and I do mean this, I am going to make the best of life that I can, because I have suffered more than I should have suffered, presumably.

THE KING OF HIS GARRET.

Three persons, an artist, poet, and historian were sitting on a bench in Washington park, where, philosophizing on various subjects of nature, they took into consideration everything that they thought of, not omitting the least thing, for they maintained that everything is a benefit. Hence, the poet, becoming passionate, enthusiastic, having his poetic imagination aroused, said:

"Come, let us hear a good story!"

"Ah, from whom?" asked the artist.

"You."

"No, not I, for I am an artist; I paint."

"Well, then, let us hear from the historian!"

"To be a certainty; that I am an historian, I do know many stories."

"Give us a recitation, then!"

"Exactly! Give your attention to me!"

"We are listening; go on."

So, the historian, after he crossed his legs, then rubbed his hands together, he finally began the following story:

"Mosby, a bookworm, sitting in an old armchair in his garret, reading Charles Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' meditated on this particular passage: 'Environment has a great deal to do with the human species. Geographically men receive their different colors, various intonations of voice, and so on. According to this adaptation of nature, physiologically as well as psychologically, the human species receive their habits, their education, and customs.' He read this over and over again; then, after a short contemplation on the subject, he placed the book on a small table, got up from his chair, walked to his old bookcase, and, with his arms folded, perused the titles of various volumes, whereupon he suddenly mused:

"'As I stand before you, you within whose pages exist everything that is known, the ant, the elephant, mountains, planets, a universe of organic and inorganic matter, chemistry, biology, all the creatures and plants of the earth, as I stand before you thus, I do consider myself to be the master of all men, of all animals, everything that can be conceived of as a philosopher, as an astronomer, magician, orator. And, that I can read and write French, German, Spanish, and Arabic, I have the advantage of being greater than the greatest of men who can not read and write these languages, for I do know everything that is to be known in their philosophy, science, art, and literature.'

"Immediately upon the conclusion of his individual musing, he unfolded his arms, walked his room to and fro, looked at himself in his mirror, made powerful facial expressions,

then finally seated himself in his old armchair, where, on placing his head between his hands, he became more serious; his brain became hot, his thoughts livened, and his imagination became deeply aroused. Here he began to dream, to think, to calculate the past, the present, and the future. Everything that he had read came before him, filled his mind with love, hate, revenge, intrigues, and conspiracies.

"A thousand intuitions, instincts, and conceptions seemed to crowd his mind at once, which, causing his intellectual faculties to reflect and ponder, he went off into a revery, whereupon the workings of his mind began to flow, retrospect, and psychologize. Hence, he arose from his chair again and said:

"I am an intellectual king! For, that the capacity of my intelligent soul is animated with deep contemplation, that my heart, breast, bosom, and sensory are enraptured in wisdom, I am a god of all considerations, abstractions, and speculations! The invincible, that which is concealed, hidden, is not a mystery before me, because the undiscernible, the sightless, confused, and nebulous, are not veils, screens, and masks for me; on the other hand, the blurred, shadowy, clouded, and misty, are easily penetrated, seen into with my perceptible mind of profound comprehension.

"Behold! I am the king of my garret!"

CHILDHOOD LOVE

Love is a universal passion that controls all animated creatures from the microbe to the dinosaurian; the ants, frogs, fish, and the birds make love. But, that we should not philosophize too much on love, that we are to write a short story, the few words that we have written, do suffice as an introduction that will lead to farther consideration; for, that we are going to contemplate the love of childhood, we have laid a foundation upon which we will build a structure.

I was sitting at my window reading the poems of Dunbar, when, suddenly being attracted by the voices of some children without, I laid the book on a chair, then, as I rested my chin in the palm of my hand, I looked on, being unobserved by the indignant youths, for they were angry, very angry, being two boys about eight years of age, having the external characteristics of culture, two lads who had been well raised. Thus, as they continued fussing, I learned their names and about whom they were fussing—they being Linso and Willie, while the girl was named Kate.

"Kate does not like you," said Linso, angry.

"Why does she not like me?"

"Because you are no good."

"I am no good!"

"Yes, you, you humbug!"

Here both of them became enemies at once, whereupon they sprang in the middle of the sidewalk, and, according to the attitude that is characteristic for young adversaries, they rolled their eyes with indignation, formed their hands into fists, then, as they advanced and retreated, now and then uttering exasperated exclamations, they began to hit each other in the eye, nose, mouth, and various other parts of the body, until Linso, who was about to become defeated, exclaimed:

"Stop! Stop! Willie! I will call my big brother!"

Willie stopped at once, but not on account of what Linso said about his big brother, because he was a good little fighter, not being afraid of any one. On the other hand, he closed the battle in order to keep Kate from seeing him fighting, for she had appeared within the distance. As she approached, being dressed in magnificent garments of girlhood, and her youthful form of sublimity, her easy going gait, and all the other charming individualities of her whole self began to magnetize her two lovers as they stood with their eyes and mouths wide open. Hence, when she came very close to them, having a red rose in her hand, she said:

"Ah, what a beautiful rose that I have!"

"Where did you get it?" asked Linso.

"Jinks, my sweetheart, gave it to me!"

She did not stop; as she passed on with the rose in her hand, a smile on her face, and her beautiful hair flying in a balmy breeze, Linso and Willie looked at her, then at each other, in a state of melancholy, whereupon I closed my window and resumed reading.

A MOONSHINE COMEDIAN

"Here he comes!"

"From what direction?"

"From the north!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Behold, Bacchus is drunk again!"

The foregoing words were uttered by two enthusiastic boys, youths about fifteen years of age; and, the man about whom they spoke, or exclaimed, Bacchus, was really coming from the north. Furthermore, that it was customary to see Bacchus always in a state of intoxication, he was given the name of Bacchus by a shoemaker in the neighborhood; for, Bacchus being a Greek god of wine, and that the children called their modern Bacchus "Winehead," this shoemaker

gave him this title, whereupon the children recognized "wine-head" as Bacchus.

As Bacchus was approaching within the distance of the two youths we have just spoken of, Moss, the shoemaker, on being attracted by the external noise made by the crowd of boys accompanying the drunken Bacchus, came out of his shop, and, seeing the comical sidewalk procession, laughed to his heart's content. Contrariwise, that Bacchus could not walk straight, that he was walking from one side of the sidewalk to the other, and having a chicken tied to a string, holding one end of the string with his left hand, while having a walking-stick in his right, his hat being half way on his head, and his facial expression being the appearance of a drunken man, he had attracted the attention of the passers-by.

That he never would pass the shop of Moss without stopping, he stopped just as soon as he arrived there. Here he stood in the middle of the sidewalk, spoke to his chicken, made funny gesticulations, uttered comical expressions, and turned his walking-stick in the air. On the other hand, while he was going through his performance, and the crowd increased, boys and girls, in order to have some fun, danced around him, played savage music on tin cans, and called him laughable names.

"Move on, Bacchus, move on! You have impeded the passage of this sidewalk long enough!"

"Do not howl at me, Moss!"

"Well, move on, then!"

"I will not; furthermore, I will beat you with my walking-stick, and make my chicken jump on you!"

"I will throw some water on both you and your chicken if you do not move!"

"Throw your water; then I will have you sent to jail!"

Just then a policeman entered the crowd, which caused everybody to be very quiet, with the exception of Bacchus, for he told the policeman, and in drunken exclamations, that Moss had insulted him, that he had delivered accusations against him. But the law paid no attention to the false words of Bacchus, for he knew him better than anybody. Hence, the law said:

"Bacchus, I have been knowing you for a long time; I have been letting you get by the law. But, that I have been receiving so many complaints for the last week, I am compelled to imprison you."

Bacchus did not say a word; the entire crowd looked on silently, whereupon Bacchus was immediately taken to prison, where, after the imprisonment of one week, when the jailer went into his cell one morning, Bacchus was found dead, his chicken being perched on his head, for he had requested that his chicken may be kept in his cell.

The day upon which he died, every newspaper in the city published a biographical sketch, which, being entitled, "The Moonshine Comedian Has Passed Away," caused the inhabitants of the city in which he lived to give a memorial that they called "A Twentieth Century Feast of Bacchus."

LOST WOMEN

There is an intellectual friend of mine of whom I am desirous of introducing to you, a young fellow of twenty-five years, being short, well formed, and good-looking; besides, having a very pleasing personality, a voice between that of a man and a woman, a voice of silver, oratorical sweetness, one that penetrates the beautiful soul of the listener, simultaneously giving the hearer's body the best satisfaction of sublime sensation. Hence, the youth about whom we speak, a citizen of Chicago, is known by the name of Alexander Bonaparte, having the first name of a great American, Alexander Hamilton, the last name of a great Frenchman, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Bony, I have always called him Bony, while he has always called me Paty. Bony used to visit me two, and sometimes three, times a week, whereupon he and I would talk about everything that we could think of, anything that we knew something about. Animals, plants, the heavens, the geological products of the earth, great wars, famous men and women, all used to fill our brain with imaginations, scenes of the past, happenings of the present, and the predictions of the future. When Bony and I did not converse on said subjects, we perused some of my books; for, that I have five thousand and four hundred books, and shall continue collecting them until I be possessed of six thousand volumes, the same amount that Voltaire had. I must say that he and I have always found something interesting between said pages. Because, having such a wonderful variety of books in my possession we have the pictures of the greatest artists, the philosophy of the master thinkers of all ages, and the history, fiction, poetry, drama, orations, and biographs in the palm of our hands, hands that held the astronomical universe, the sun, moon, stars, comets, everything in creation.

That Bony had been sick for two weeks, he had not been enabled to pay me a visit. So, it being a matter of profound respect on my part to go to his sick bed every evening, I did so, where, on being seated besides him, we resumed our usual chats, little talks that are eternal memories, tiny for-get-me-nots of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

October 20th, 1923, at seven o'clock in the evening, I entered Bony's room, seated myself, then said:

"Do not tell me that you are worse, Bony."

"No, I will not; contrariwise, Paty, I am no better."

"But you look better."

"Oh, do not let my appearance deceive you."

"Are not the externalities of a person caused by the internalities of psychological circumstances, as far as the interpretation is concerned?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that you look good without, you must be in the same state of goodness within."

"I see, Paty, that you are somewhat a philosopher."

"Exactly."

"Talk on, then, for I find you very interesting this evening."

"Listen to me, then. You are now holding a book in your hand, which, being the life of Empress Josephine, you have undoubtedly been reading?"

"Exactly."

"Have you received consolation from her life?"

"Yes, for I am very fond of her, and being greatly jealous of Bonaparte for not being his contemporary, so that I could have fought him a duel in her honor."

"Now, Bony, that you have admitted that you have enjoyed reading said book, this enjoyment has something to do with your contented externalities, does it not?"

"To be a certainty; you win."

Here he discontinued talking to cough.

The book fell from his hand, his head, which was erect, for he was sitting in bed, also fell, and found its place on the pillow, while his face became pale and lifeless; his eyes closed slowly then opened excitedly, then closed again. Seeing all this, which happened in a few seconds, I said:

"Bony, you must inform me of your sickness."

"Surely, when I am dead," said he, in a weak voice.

"But when death has come, I can not do you any good."

"Yes, you can."

"How?"

He now regained his strength, sat up, then asked:

"How can you help me when I am dead?"

"That is what I have said."

"Listen, Paty, dear old friend, I am going to be dead within ten minutes. Before I pass away, I have a request which I want you to fulfill, the last wish of a dying man, the final desire of a friend, a brother, one who has been a dear to me ever since our acquaintance. Said request follows: In my top bureau drawer, in the left corner, there is a small decorative box, within which you will find a letter

telling you what to do with my dead body; therein you will also find a composition explaining to you the cause of my death, and a brief sketch of my life, including an envelope containing three articles, all which you will find to be very interesting."

The foregoing words were his last oral expressions, for he died two minutes thereafter, died without a mother, father, sister, or brother to cry for him. On the other hand, that man does not usual cry over death, nevertheless, I felt tears in my eyes, whereupon I removed them with my handkerchief. And, as I looked at Bony's cold body, I began to think how I would miss him, he, the philosopher, the historian, poet, biographer, and conversationalist; I also thought of his virtues, his respectability, honesty, righteousness, love for children, and the good things that he had done for the poor.

I finally opened the box to do what I was requested. The first thing I did when I opened it, was to read the letter concerning his dead body. Hence, after having the letter in my hand, I read as follows:

October 10th, 1923, ten o'clock at night, while lying in my bed being alone, in this letter, I ask my dear friend, Mr. Eugene Patrick Sewell, writing his name in full, to see that my body is given to Mr. Ledger, chief surgeon of the Experiment Institution, so that he may use my dead body for the advancement of science. On the other hand, that I have no relatives to bequeath anything to, and that I have forty thousand dollars in money and property, I bequeath said properties to the poor girls of this hard, struggling, slave city, which should be in the form of one large building, having a store of some kind on the first floor in order to keep the Poor Girls Institution agoing. Thus, in the name of God, I leave this request in your hands.

Alexander Bonaparte.

I put this letter into the envelope, pocketed it, took a bank book, one hundred and five dollars, and some property papers from the box. Then, taking a large envelope from this beautifully decorated box, I opened it, whereupon I found a pretty embroidered handkerchief, perfumed, with the letter V; the next article was a piece of soft, youthful, black hair; the last was a hairpin. Then I took another envelope from the box, opened it, found a number of pages written in the handwriting of Bony. Among these pages, written in a very clear hand, I found one of the pages to be one written especially to me; it read as follows:

Paty, here is a manuscript that I want you to publish for me, a composition relating a brief part of my life, telling you the cause of my death, and so on. Perhaps I have bur-

dened you with work already; nevertheless, this being my last wish, a literary one, it may interest you, as well as the reading world. Hence, may God give you strength to grant this last favor.

Alexander Bonaparte.

Dear reader, let us now read this manuscript that I have been requested to publish, which follows:

I, Alexander Bonaparte, was born March 10th, 1898, in the city of Chicago, Cook County, State of Illinois, United States of America, being the offspring of Mr. Almula Bonaparte and Miss Mary Savoir, both parents being French. Hence, my childhood was happily spent; for, that I have always been a great worker, that I have always taken a great interest in various departments of nature, my childhood has been one of joyous work, study, games of education, and youthful dreams of future greatness. This ambition of greatness has always been to do something good for the poor in honest; I say poor in honest, because I realize that there are many poor persons who are not good, honest, just, and would like to be a tyrant, an evil king, a queen of universal hate and jealousy.

I could just write volumes about my childhood; but, that I must be short, of my hastening to my manhood, whereupon I shall particularly write about young women with whom I have been attached. I now proceed with the first, her name being Ruby, she, a little queen, a goddess, a pearl of my heart—my first love. This is the girl, dear reader, whose everlasting image shall live in my mind, the deepest corner of my soul, where, having an eternal fire of love burning there, she will always be passionate, loving, adored, and never forgotten. Be that as it may, she went away from me, left me in this big city, a city which, at the time of her departure, seemed to be a desert, empty space, having no person for its inhabitant but me, I, Alexander Bonaparte, a lonely creature of dead solitude.

Ah, but some one, another girl, took her place when she left me, she whose name, also, I can not and will not forget—Victoria—my God, but what a pretty, entrancing, attractive, affectionate angel she was! Her tender hands, soft voice of sweetness, beautiful black eyes, coal black hair that was like silk; her magnificent gesticulations, graceful walk, golden laugh—my God, she was a real angel of supreme fascination! But she, too, like Ruby, my first rose of youth, went away from me, leaving me in the same city, Chicago, the name of which is known by the entire world.

Others? Yes, a few, their names being Florence, Pasoline, and Polisky. These too, like the rest, have left me, gone from me, perhaps never to return. Nevertheless, I can

see them, feel them, hear their queenly voices, hear the rustle of their heavenly skirts in my soul, my heart, my entire being. Their habits, their perfumes, all their little feminine individualities come before me now, which arouse the greatest imagination that I am possessed of.

Behold! like poets of old, they come before me like a dream! I can see their beautiful hair flying in a balmy breeze, their dress flying about their virtuous legs, legs of a goddess—Venus herself. The eyes of tenderness, rosy lips and cheeks, baby feet, velvet hands, all stare me in the face, smile and laugh at me joyously.

After these girls disappeared from me, dear reader, I resolved to devote my time to the consolation of study; hence, I frequented the lecture halls, museums, libraries, parks, bathing beaches, religious institutions of all kinds, here and there contemplating every department of knowledge I could conceive of: physiognomy, astronomy, geology, hypnotism, magic, history, poetry, and so on, became human constituents of nature for my contemplation. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Dumas, Balzac, Bain, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Reid, and many others, began to open my eyes, educate me, show me that which I had not seen. Spenser, Proctor, Lubbock, Pope, and Byron became my friends.

Let me now tell you about the hairpin, handkerchief, and piece of hair, three objects that have been very dear to me, which have also entertained my imagination, I assure you, will do the same for you. For that they are autobiographical articles of myself, you will find them to be of profound interest. Hence, we will proceed.

June 5th, 1920, about five o'clock in the evening, being in my room, I resolved to promenade, whereupon I finally walked along the side of the lake. Here I became enthused with the huge body of water, a blue sky of magnificence, a balmy breeze, boats within the distance, and the characteristic sound of the animated waves. Now and then, here and there, a train, passer-by, or some other attraction, would draw my attention. This being the case, after becoming tired of walking, I sat on a large stone, sat to dream, think, meditate on various things and subjects. And, while being in this state, I cast my head down, placed my hand in the sand, whereupon, behold, my fingers became imprisoned, became a victim to one of the objects of femininity—a hairpin.

"Ah," mused I, "to whom can this belong? Perhaps a French, German, English, or American woman has lost it. Is she married or single, beautiful or ugly, young or old? She who has lost it could be an African, a sweet little Mulatto, Quadroon, Octoroon. Again, it may belong to my dear Ruby, Florence, Pasaline, or Policky. Last, and not

least, Victoria could have lost it." Here I mused no more, pocketed the hairpin, and departed for my room; then, upon my arrival therein, I enclosed the wonderful hairpin in the box that you know of.

Almost everybody has found a handkerchief, but the one I am going to tell you about has not been found by me, but given to me. She who gave it to me was Victoria; I became possessed of it in this manner: She and I were sitting on a sofa, being very close to each other, whereupon, playing with the handkerchief by throwing it up and down, then passing it in front of my face for me to smell the perfume, I suddenly took it from her. Then she tried to take it from me, which caused us to get closer to each other, having our little handkerchief battle, until, I being the strongest, I won the battle, and pocketed the little piece of cloth. So, when I arrived home, I also enclosed this handkerchief, with perfume and the letter V, in forementioned box.

One winter evening, it not being very cold, I went to a bookstore, where, after looking over many books, I found "Old Creole Days" by G. W. Cable, which I bought, the price being one dollar and a quarter. Upon giving this volume a perusal, I found a piece of paper between its leaves. After I unfolded said paper, upon which was some writing, I found a piece of hair. The writing read as follows: "I have read this book; I find it to be very interesting. Moreover, I like "Pite Poulette" best. Why? eh, I am an Octoroon myself. This being the case, I herein enclose a piece of Octoroon's hair for somebody!"

Now, dear reader, let me tell you the cause of my death. After coming in contact with the girls I have told you of, after I have studied every department of nature I could, received many pleasures in various ways, solitude, people, things, all, became a boredom, whereupon, seeing that I had lost all my girls, they, the greatest creatures on earth, I naturally began to die a slow death, most of the time thinking of Ruby, Victoria, Florence, Pasaline and Polisky.

Alexander Bonaparte.

UNCLE JOE'S BANJO

The man about whom we are going to relate a story, a person of musical talent, was born at New Orleans, Louisiana, in the French quarter. Being a Creole, and Creoles run from black to white, this old man, for he was elderly, was black, being known throughout the French Quarter as Uncle Joe. This Creole, being sixty years of age, six feet tall, weight one hundred and fifty pounds, and having white

hair, while his nose, mouth, chin, and other parts of his face were highly developed.

With the pleasing qualities of his actions, his thoughts, and moral manners, which caused him to be very cultured, gained for him the greatest respect that could be bestowed upon a human being of righteousness. Thus, the uprightness of Uncle Joe caused him to be given many nicknames, which, being used by various persons of society, he was addressed as if he was a priest, a pope, or some Greek god being worshipped by the classical Greeks of antiquity.

He was a profound musician of singularity; for, as a banjo player he was the peer of his time, there not being one person who could play the instrument as good as he could play it. This being the case he became as celebrated for his musical talent as he was for his personal appearance and virtues; because, when he played his banjo, and the musical intonations began to illuminate space, giving magnificent vibrations to the air that surrounded him, the beautiful intonations sounded like the heavenly notes of Apollo's lyre.

Behold! he is playing now!

Ping-ting, bing-a-bing, long!

Long-a-ding, ping, ping-pong!

Dong-a-ding, pong, ding-a-ling!

Long-a-ding, pang-a-bang, dong-ding!

"Where are you going, Jim?"

"To Uncle Joe's!"

"For what purpose?"

"To listen to his banjo!"

"I am going, too, then—let us go together!"

And so it was with everybody who knew Uncle Joe. For, to see him as he ran his fingers across the strings, bowed his head, pat his foot, and now and then smiled, accompanying the music with the actions of his body and the emotions of his soul, it was a supernatural pleasure to see him in this state as well as to hear the musical tones of his banjo. Moreover, dear reader, that we have spoken of the happy moments of Uncle Joe, and his auditors, we are now going to speak of something very, very sad, an occurrence that happens every minute of the hour, every hour of the day, every day of the month, and every month of the year—death!

July 10th, 1912, at 3 o'clock in the morning, death knocked at the door of Uncle Joe. The entire city became a holiday, whereupon persons of all classes attended his wake, went to his funeral, and lamented the eternal departure of the great old man. Hence, that many persons are forgotten when they are dead, let us say that Uncle Joe is not forgotten; because, every year, when the day comes upon which he died, his

banjo, which is kept by one of the leading citizens, is taken from an opulent case and is worshipped for one hour, an hour of commemoration.

THE RAG MAN'S DOLL

Arthur Porter, an old dealer of rags, who, living in a house of his own, and having only one child, a boy eight years of age, went about the various streets of his town in an old wagon, having a bell attached to his horse's neck that rang out a cry, one that vibrated: "Arthur, the rag man!" And, that the streets through which he drove were not many, for it was a small town, while everybody knew him, both rich and poor, young and old.

That Arthur Porter was a very good man, and that his wife, who died when her first and last child was born, was a very good woman, their boy, Charles Porter, that his family surroundings were virtuous, he was made an upright lad, for his entire self was controlled by the psychological environments of his dear parents. Hence, Charles was known as Porter the Younger, just as we have the historical Dumas the Younger; thus, that he was distinguished from his father with this title, he was a celebrated personage of his time, so far as an appellation was concerned.

Moreover, that we have become introduced to Porter the Younger, we will now enter into the most interesting part of his life, a time of his youth that we can not forget, for it is something unusual, something extraordinary, which is about love, a love affair that very seldom happens in history to be compared with his. This being the case, we will now continue the particularity of our story.

Porter the Younger went about the little town every day with his father for rags, whereupon, in the heart of the town, where an aristocratic family resided, Charles went into the back yard of this family for a sack of rags; in doing so, he came in contact with a beautiful girl of his own age, a little Arabian princess. And, from the first day that he saw her, he loved her, which caused him to frequent her neighborhood in order to look at her whenever she played without. On the other hand, that Charles was a handsome little fellow, yet being very poor, he and the little girl, May, formed an acquaintance that lasted twenty years. During all this time, when, one day, while May was showing Charles some junk about the back yard, the following dialogue took place, May being the first to speak:

"Charles, you are too handsome, intelligent, and honest to be just a rag man."

"But, my dear May, what else can I do, what can I be?"
"Oh, you can do better work, which will make you a greater young man."

"What, then?"

"An artist, actor, inventor—anything better than a rag man."

"I have often thought of that, dear May, thought of it as many times as you and I have fingers and toes."

"Now, now, do not speak about my toes!"

"I will; for your toes are sweet, angelic, wonderful. Every part of your perfumed body, your beautiful black hair, silver teeth, your velvet hands, golden voice—my God! all, the whole of you, my darling, my May, yes, every part of you, I love!"

Here he took her into his arms, caressed her, recited poetry to her, told her how he cared for her; her head fell on his bosom, a bosom that became a temporary rest of tenderness, amiableness, Cupid enthroned. A million thoughts ran through his and her mind, while their imagination became animated with a heaven, an eden, a garden of eternal happiness, a happiness that lasted a few seconds, yet was an eternity, an everlasting dream of reality that vanished like a ghost never seen.

To make a long story short, we now come to a conclusion. For, during the long time that they had known each other, the conditions of society kept them apart. Nevertheless, Charles had something in his possession that once belonged to May, it being a token of remembrance until his death; this which he had was an old doll that was thrown among the rags, a doll that he kissed, caressed, and made love to, an object that he valued next to life—his all, his eternal.

LIFE'S GREATEST HOPE

It is very interesting to see two beautiful young women, who, being well educated, passionate, pleasant, and aristocratic in personality, see them converse in a state of tender animation, now and then making gesticulations, while their voices become low, high, then excited. I know two young women, sisters, who are just like these; they, being twenty years of age, are at the stage of life to be studied with the eyes of a philosopher. That I have been knowing them for eight years, having been enabled to be close to them all this time, I have studied a certain passion in them that lives in the soul of all human beings, the passion of hope.

Grace and Flora, being very talkative, lively, always

keeping a person in an interesting state of entertainment, were sitting in their parlor, while Louis, their brother, and I, were just making our entrance. Hereupon we four youths entered a discussion on hope. Flora, being inspired by her own feminine instinct of victory, became silent, her countenance having the appearance of triumph, while Grace did not agree with anybody; on the other hand, Louis looked and listened, while I did the same, for I do like to see women gesticulate, hear them talk, having them simultaneously make me feel their little hearts leap, their eyes move quickly, all being accompanied with a tender laugh, a sweet smile. Nevertheless, my time came to say something. I spoke as follows:

"Hope, according to its position in the mind, varies. And, that I am acquainted with all its variations—trust, confidence, affiance, assurance, and so on, I am going to speak about one that Grace and Flora mostly entertain. I say this because ever since I have known you, Grace and Flora, I have studied your hopeful mind. Hence, I now proceed.

"Both of you have always thought of some expectation, always looked for some present, longed for an imaginary promise. When somebody knocks at your front door, your heart beats, your mind becomes uneasy, thinking that someone is knocking with something for you—a present of some kind, the will of a dead rich person, something to make you happy. You have often wished that some mysterious person should send you a letter, one with a check for a thousand dollars. Moreover, when despair, terror, dread, panic, and trepidation have aroused within your mind a utopia, the optimism of emboldened femininity."

"But, Eugene, how do you know all of this?" asked Grace.

"Because of the strict observation I have given to your personality."

"You are wonderful, Eugene!" exclaimed Flora.

"You are," interposed Louis.

"Now, Eugene, proceed, for I find you so interesting this evening."

"Listen, then, for I now continue: You have always had a desire for the beautiful, a fondness for the magnificent, the great, the good things in life. Inclinations, predilections, aspirations have always been appetites. Anxiety has encouraged you to have a hopeful mania of supreme thirst for an ideal, a man to love, kiss, hug, play with like a little baby, talk to in tender words, and sleep with in a heavenly bed of dreams. Cheerfulness, gayety, comfort, joyfulness, liveliness, all forms of merriment, amusement, exultation, and rejoicing have been part of your future self, your ambition of peaceful hope.

"Young, in 'Night Thoughts,' says that hope is a milder tyrant than despair; Carlyle says that it is a smiling rain-bow; Shakespeare says that the miserable have no other medicine but hope."

"That you have imparted to us some of the sayings of great writers concerning hope," said Flora, "let us hear what you have to say."

"To be a certainty, my dear Flora. I say that hope is an eternal spring of confidence in one's self, a trust based on the future of obtaining some good, revenge, desire, whatsoever a person would like to have or do in the future; hence, hope is life to be lived tomorrow, wishing to have or do something good or bad."

"Ah," said Louis, "that is the best I have ever heard on hope."

"And," continued I, "every flower has an interpretation. The birch is gracefulness; hickory, glory; gillyflower, lasting beauty; auricula, painting; while angelica is inspiration. Contrariwise, there are many other flowers with similar interpretations which are too numerous to mention."

"Are there any interpretations of hope," interrogated Grace, "whose flower is birch?"

"Oh, yes. Hawthorn signifies hope, and so does bird-cherry."

"Tell us about one of these hope flowers," requested Louis.

"With pleasure. Bird-cherry, which is known by the Latin name *Prunus Padus*, class twelve, *Icosandria*, order *Mongynia*, is indigenous in most parts of Europe; it even opens its fragile flowers to the nipping air of Russia and Siberia. It abounds in the northern countries of England, being profusely scattered among the woods and borders of the mountain torrents of Scotland. In these natural fastnesses, where it is more likely to escape the stroke of the axe, it often rises to the height of fifteen feet from a stem eighteen inches in diameter, spreading its branches to a considerable distance."

So we talked on and on, now and then smiling, laughing, joking, philosophizing. And, that Grace was an artist, a sweet young woman of seventeen, one who could sew, play the piano, draw, write poetry, in a word, an accomplished queen, a modern Hortense, she drew me as I sat before her, making me without one flaw, my eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, my entire upper body being drawn perfectly. After this, we had ice cream and cake, whereupon, it being ten-thirty at night, I rose from my chair, asked for my hat, then adjusted myself for my departure. This being the case, Grace said to me:

"Eugene, before you go, I wish to ask you one question."

"So be it."

"What is life's greatest hope?"

"Hope that we live as long as we can, simultaneously having happiness, comfort, joys, getting the best that we can get out of life, this best being whatever we desire—the love of man, woman, fireside, art, philosophy, anything to be had or done in the future that will give a consolation to that which he hopes."

After a good-night, a promise to visit them shortly, and a smile playing about their faces, while the word hope rang in my ear, I finally made my departure.



P o e m s

by
Engene H. Sewell

WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman, being born of plain
Yeoman stock, and having a name,
Which, being illuminated in history,
An appellation that has become literary,
Was born at West Hills, Long Island,
Thirty miles from New York City, not a man
As he has become, but a loving baby,
One who was watched by his mother daily.
Hence, this is the being upon whom we shall speak
As a person of biographical, intellectual treat.

The clothes of Whitman were mainly home-spun
Because he was poor, a poverty working son.
And, that books were scarce during his time,
That they were not often bought for a dime,
He read the annual copy of the almanac
Through the long winter evenings is a fact.
On the pages of this annual publication
He received a great deal of education;
For, that he learned what he could,
His mind became educated, for he understood.

Being quite young, his parents moved him to Brooklyn,
Where, on going to school, he made boyish sins.
But this, dear reader, we can easily look over,
For he, while being at school, was not a loafer.
On the other hand, he was very ambitious
Having those qualities of a person magnanimous,
Whereupon he taught his mind like an academy,
Never letting his deep thinking become weary;
And, that he had a philosophical mind that perceived,
It was not very long before much knowledge he
received.

Here, as a working lad, he became a lawyer's office boy;
For, that he was diligent, he worked rather than played
with toys,
Also becoming a compositor of the Long Island Patriot
While people enjoyed that which he taught.

Again, we see him as a county school teacher,
Gardener, printer, author, journalist, and carpenter;
He was domiciled in nearly all of the United States
And principal cities North and South—great!
Then he went to the front during the Secession War,
Being occupied as army nurse and fought!

He nursed the Northern and Southern wounded alike
In the Virginia hospitals after the battles of 1865.
Then he worked down South and in Washington City
for three years,

Contracted the paralysis, a malady of fear,
Which malady he continued to suffer throughout life.
Where he lived in a cottage till the death of night.
Hence, this is a poetic biography of Walt Whitman,
A poet of the Red, White, and Blue Land!
A person of literature who is to never be forgotten.
He, the gardener, the writer, manipulator of the pen!

Thus, he did not do like Milton who became blind,
Which was, according to condition, the product of time.
Hence, let us enter his literary career—
He wrote on sentimental and moralizing nature as a
peer.

Then he tried poetry in ordinary metres
Which he exchanged for his own leaders,
Words composed as he so desired,
Thoughts that animated and deeply inspired.
Thus, with such writing this poet began,
Recalling to us Homer, Vergil, Byron, German!

Leaves of Grass, which appeared in 1855,
Is a production of Whitman's pen that will never die,
Because, that it is his master work,
A piece declared to be of great worth,
The complete picture of man in this age,
It will live as long as Homer arises from a page.
Herein he has touched upon every subject,
Described everything, naming every known object.
And, with the aid of his lyrics, Drum Taps,
He has given to the world beautiful war facts.

THE DEMPSEY-FIRPO BATTLE

September 14th, 1923, at Ringside Polo Grounds,
New York, Dempsey-Firpo fought two rounds,
The time of said fighting being at 10:05,
While 87,000 people were around the ringside.
Here the gong gave a clang,
And two men, man for man, sprang.
Moving about in brutal activity,
Fighting hard for money and history,
Whereupon the spectators called out
With voices tremendous in shout:
"Dempsey! the North American!"
"Firpo! the South American!"

The fight had now begun.
About the ring they sprung.
Dempsey gave a left hook to Firpo's stomach,
One as hard as a kick from a bullock.
Firpo countered with a murderous right swing
Which caused Dempsey's knees to bin.
Here Dempsey rose with rage in his heart
And with a left to Firpo's head a part,
Quickly followed with a right to his jaw
Which meant the victory of Dempsey's law—
For Firpo went down for a count of four
As if to awake nevermore.

The spectators now became wild
Exclaiming with voices heard for a mile,
Making tremendous noise with feet
That woke dead night from sleep,
Whereupon they made enthusiastic gesticulations
Accompanied with profound tumultation.
Hats and handkerchiefs flew in midair
Like birds flying here and there.
Then, suddenly, all became clear.
Not a word could a person hear—
For the Wild Bull of the Pampas arose,
Stood in a mighty, fighting pose.

Firpo, like a giant, arose from the floor
While Dempsey punched right and left at death's door.
Firpo met the attack with his right hand,
Standing the battle like a man,
Whereupon Dempsey rushed at him sore
Knocking Firpo a second time to the floor.

But Firpo did not stay down long,
For he was up after a few gongs.
Then Dempsey began to fight furiously,
Giving to Firpo's body blows injuriously,
Knocking him down two more times—
Almost making Firpo blind.

At once Firpo was on his feet
Keeping himself from defeat.
Here he shot a right under Dempsey's chin
That knocked him out of the ring
Into some newspaper writer's lap
Which caused many onlookers to clap.
Dempsey at once entered the ring
And began left and right swing
Whereupon Firpo punched his jaw
Making his knees bin in a flaw.
Contrariwise, Dempsey sent Firpo down again,
The floor being his best friend.

The second round now began,
The spectators awaiting the real man;
Dempsey tore at Firpo at once
With right and left punch,
Whereupon he floored mighty Firpo—
But the floored giant immediately arose,
Got up for another great fall,
One of victory, the last of all.
Behold! Here Dempsey won,
Being master of a fight uncommon,
Still reigning as fighting King,
Deity of the world's boxing ring!

MY PENCIL

A many letter you wrote,
Also a many, many note.
You, my little pencil,
In literature you have mingled.
A great deal of lines
You have written that rhyme—
If all of them were true,
What would you do?

During the rainy nights
When I sit up and write,
In all of your spite
You give me a little fight.
You should not be ashamed
For you are not always to blame.
When I make a mistake
It is because I have a headache.

Well, my dear old fellow,
You have said a many hello
When I have picked you up
And began to do the stuff
That appeals to the eyes
In your pencil written lines.
So, now I lie you down to sleep
Until to-morrow when we meet!

HUMAN PERFECTION

Is there a human being pure
One who has no faults to cure?
Such a person does not exist
As sure as we have a fist.
But some will say it is so,
Believing what he does not know.
Let us see, on the other hand,
The difference we have at command.

A writer brings forth a masterpiece,
His best that has no defeat.
This is what he and his followers say,
But not the compositions from day to day;
For one manuscript is better than another—
Of all, at times, one is the mother;
So we see, all that men do,
All is not perfect, is really true.

Here we come to a conclusion
By seeing a human illusion.
Hence, nothing is, philosophically, exact.
For convenience we call a thing a fact.
In every so-called truth we see a fault
Which causes our comprehension to halt.
So, about human perfection, let us not worry
Because at the end we will be sorry.

MY UNKNOWN LOVE

Perfumed feet of tenderness,
A beautiful silk, magnificent dress,
Eyes of love, sweetness, glory,
All are part of a wonderful story;
This story is about a girl,
One who is to me the world,
An entrancing angel of my heart,
She of whom I am a part.

I can hear coming out
Of her pretty mouth
Words of eternal music
That are very cupidic.
Her hand, arms, hair, I see,
Which, being for only me,
I do call them my own,
My kingdom, my heavenly throne.

Come! dear, sweet unknown!
Come to me, I, your eternal home!
You and I for all times
Will be two happy lines—
You will be me
I all of thee—
We will, sweetheart, be one,
To others, love, never, none!

From your mouth comes rosy breath,
Your animated feet, golden steps,
Your sun-light eyes, great dreams—
In a word, you are supreme,
Ah, you are my "Victory!"
My unknown, my pretty little flower—
Virtue, beauty, happiness,
One here in God's likeness!

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

I know a boy who is his father,
Having eyes, hair, color, laughter,
All similar in every way—
Even his actions during play.
The law of similarity—
This is human heredity;
His father's different habits
Become his every day epithets.

This boy, many things of him,
From his father, is a synonym;
What his father wills
This boy's soul fulfills,
Thus, both have the same mind,
Each producing thoughts of one kind.
Both could understand hypnotism
And do feats of mysticism.

The father had the identical name
That gave his son fame.
Ah, what name was this boy called!
Surely it was not the appellation Paul.
What was his name, then?
Listen, my dear friend:
His family name was Block—
A chip of the old Block!

MELODIOUS THOUGHTS.

Music, to the ear, is nicety;
To the soul, sublime delicacy.
From the symphony of the guitar
To the harmony of the Aeolian harp
We receive sweet sounds that are mellifluous
Silver-toned, dulcet, and euphonious;
The march, waltz, opera, serenade,
Make us all lively, animated, play.

The trumpet, choir, organist,
The fiddle, mandolin, pianist,
All their constituents of musical play
Vibrate duets, trios throughout space.
And what about the violin and violoncello,
Bugle, bell, accordeon, and piano?
Surely, they are as good as the cornet,
Trombone, bagpipes, clarion, and flageolet.

Without the science of acoustics.
We can not have chromatics.
Hence, pitch, treble, tenor, high or low,
In conjunction with acute or grave, alto,
We must take into consideration intonation
Whereby we embrace ganut, modulation.
Thus, the staff, lines, bars, and braces
Find their harmonious, measured spaces.

PHRASEOLOGY.

In painfulness, the words are set:
To plant a dagger in the breast.
For pity, the words for food:
Tender as a chicken; the melting mood.
To plan, when we are very live:
To have many irons in the fire.
Oldness: nothing new under the sun;
As old as the hills; many times done.

Opening, this is for you:
To cut a passage through.
Opposition, let us see:
In spite of one's teeth.
And what about ornament, serene:
Fine as a May-day queen.
Occasion: in the nick of time;
Now or never; in the fullness of time.

Such are some words of phraseology.
Which are literary words of psychology.
They are used in fiction, art, and history,
And many times spoken at liberty.
Without them many writers are lost,
For, to them, they are high cost.
Hence, in the name of Kaiser:
A scrap of paper—phrase admirer!

JUST A LITTLE FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

Here is my picture for Ruby,
One not seen in the movie;
For, not being a photo of fame,
It has no acting, screen name.
Nevertheless, it is one for you to see—
A picture with you may always be.
And, when you become an elderly lady,
You may think of it as your dear baby,
One who used to fly kites and play.
Run, ask questions in a youthful way.
Hence, let it be eternal, virtuous youth,
A picture to stand the test of baby truth.
Here you see my mouth, eyes, and nose,
All in a characteristic "Paty" pose;
Tenderness, love, pity, and easy ways
Being pictured in my childhood days.
Thus, let it be caressing, heavenly kind,
A fairy or angel of your sweet mind.

DISTANT COURTSHIP.

In your letters I hear your voice
And see the most beautiful choice
That your mind sends to me in words
Which sound like music never heard.
Here each verb, noun, and preposition
Give me a healthy, lively disposition;
In one sentence, love, I see you asleep
Whereupon I bow to your tender feet.

Whenever mail comes to my door
From you I become happy more,
For I always receive something good
Sent by you—love being understood.
Thus, when I open the received letter,
Every second I feel better and better.
Oh, I can not describe to you
The sublime feeling I have for you!

Though you are many miles away
I see you both night and day.
For, that you are always in my mind,
Dear, you are with me at all times.
Behold, I can see you at this hour—
You who have me in your power!
Alice, my love, my darling, my all!
At your magnificent feet I fall!

THE BURNING WORLD.

Canto I.

i.

August 1, 1914, the world began to burn
Making a great lesson for mankind to learn.
This great fire was a world war,
Nations fighting one another afar,
Twenty-three countries being involved,
Killing for mighty questions to be solved.
Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria
Warred against Canada, India and Australia.
Hereupon fifty million men were called to arms
From banks, markets, mansions and farms.
Husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts
From their loved ones had to part.

ii.

143,050,324 was the Central Empire's population;
The Allies, 1,282,780,861—a strong numeration.
And, with all their ships and submarines
They reigned upon the seas armored queens.
Airships, too, were flying afar in the sky
With bombs that meant for men to die.
Bayonets, gas, torpedoes and cannon
Gave death to the living as they run.
All these war implements of today
Recall to us the Hell of Dante,
Fire, death, torment, suffering, torture—
The unforgetfulness of infernal horror!

iii.

The enemy's blood began to boil,
Flowing to his heart like fire-oil,
Consuming his whole soul
Like an explosion in a bowl.
On and on he marched for victory
Thinking he was fighting for liberty,
While he killed in the name of hate
He who was to meet his mighty fate.
The battlefield had become a bloody sight
As they, mad, hungry, continued to fight.
And most of them did not care,
For they had no death-like fear.

iv.

Kaiser had become a great king,
The greatest temporary ruler ever been.
And, with his words "Me und Gott!"
He thought the world he had got!
He taught his people German Democracy
Which meant for him individual Autocracy.
World supremacy for him was his thought,
For, in this name his soldiers fought.
This man had a tyrannical personality
That meant invasion, pillage, calamity,
Destruction, hang, crucify, superior hate,
Death to every living nation—the devil's fate.

v.

Ah, listen to the philosophy of this man,
Whose words meant for those in his land:
"There is no law but my law.
The king's will is the highest law.
I am he and I will not tolerate another,

For I am all, even my own brother.
There is only one master in this country—
I, Kaiser, whose will is divine absolutely.”
Here he meant all that he said
Causing many soldiers to be dead,
Poor souls who will never come back again
To answer for the great Kaiser's sin.

vi.

This is the man who has set the world afire
Which is yet burning amid fighting cries.
For in France, England, Italy, everywhere,
Men are calling one another unfair.
Slavery, intrigues, social unrest
Are digging into men's breasts.
In the home, theaters, and the church,
As well as the court and at work.
We see accusations, injuries, death,
Young and old in a profound fret.
The devil is really fighting God
And seems as if he is going to be Lord.

vii.

In the Congress of America
Minds are fighting harder than ever
And before all shall win
Death will write with her pen
Names in history that have not been
For posterity to consider as only men.
And what will be to blame for this circumstance?
The powerful mind desirous to advance.
Ah, this is like Byron's Lucifer in "Cain,"
Giving knowledge, which sometimes, brings pain.
Most of these men do not care about death
For they merely think about their history to be left.

viii.

In France, England, Germany, and India
Society is in the hands of unrest,
While in every other country of the world,
Calamity is about to engulf each nation.
An earthquake here, a storm there,
A riot elsewhere, and—death everywhere!
Revolution! Revolution! Down with
The king, up with socialism! Suppress
Ku Kluxism and give us democracy!
Behold! The Fundamentalists and Modernists!
Christians and infidels are at war,
While nuns, priests, and the pope are dissatisfied!

ix.

The devil has turned the world into hell.
 Imps are playing on their musical instruments
 The dance of death, while
 Angels, afraid to walk upon the earth,
 Are hiding behind mountains of steel,
 Weeping, listening, looking, not knowing the end.
 Senators, mayors, representatives of states,
 Being ambitious to rule, are forming plots,
 Becoming one another's enemy:
 And these men will not be shown their mistakes,
 For all of them say that they are right.

x.

Men and women are committing suicide
 Because of love, melancholy, and jealousy.
 Bandits are entering banks, stores, and homes;
 Blackmailing is causing numerous divorces.
 Actors, actresses, artists, poets, and dancers,
 Dressed in magnificent garments,
 Leading the fastest life that they can,
 They are causing Chicago, New York, Paris,
 London, and all other big cities of the world,
 To erect a Goddess of Pleasure, a God of Death,
 Amid all such circumstances
 Virtue is becoming Lucifer's brother.

xi.

A snake is now in every man's pocket
 Whereupon in every woman's bag is a cancer;
 Both of them mean death very soon,
 Because it has, seemingly, become a law
 To die, to have a calamity for all just now.
 Hence, biography and history are being made
 At the expense of society's conditions.
 Even boys and girls at school
 Are fighting more than ever;
 Contrariwise, they do not play as they used to.
 They control themselves—
 Even they do not care about hell!

xii.

Revolutionary Mexico, Obregon,
 American ammunition, Tampico,
 And El Paso, Texas, are entering
 The world calamity of warfare.
 One, America or Mexico, will soon
 Become a deadly enemy, Killing,

Burning, using all kinds of explosions.
Washington will soon be in a burning lake
While Mexico City will be in a river's fire.
Then America will almost be engulfed,
For Mexico will gain many friends—
Cuba, Hayti, Brazil, and many others.

xiii.

America, America! Beware of your destiny!
You are a mighty nation of the world
Having more money, more geological products,
In a word, almost everything
For the enemy to fight for—
Really, you have all to lose
And nothing to gain as a wealthy nation.
You may not listen to these words because
They are poetic; nevertheless, upon
Many occasions the poet is an historian,
A philosopher, a seer of the future;
He contemplates, examines, and advises.

xiv.

We are now living in a time that
Try the souls of men, an age
That says keep they who can
And take they who have the power.
The governments of all nations are
Now based on might is right,
The survival of the fittest.
This doctrine has always been,
The law immutable, indestructible, eternal.
Love, women, and war, are the
Children such circumstances have they fought.
Amid such circumstances have they fought.

xv.

Shall we have a Caesar, Nebuchadnezzar,
Or Napoleon today? Surely,
For he is hidden somewhere now—
In a garret, basement, cabin, or alley.
Just as Caesar carried off the
Treasures of Egypt, Greece, Gaul,
And Rome; just as Napoleon looted
The money vaults of Venice, Vienna,
Madrid, Berlin, and Moscow; just as
Nebuchadnezzar the Temple of Zion,
So shall this garret-hidden maniac
Spring upon the world to destroy all.

xvi.

Who is the lycanthropic creature,
 Nationally? He is an American
 Being inspired by the historical
 Revolutions of France, being
 Influenced by great men of war and
 Knowledge from all parts of the world.
 He knows Alexander Hamilton, Voltaire,
 Danton, Socrates, Darwin, all
 The great men of history, whether
 They be infidels, Christians, poets,
 Philosophers, statesmen, or popes.
 With such an environment, he comes upon the world.

xvii

Can we muzzle a tempest with a cobweb-
 Can we bridle a volcano with a shoestring-
 Can we bottle a cyclone in a powder horn?
 I do not think that we can; so, who
 Can stop this revolutionary maniac
 From doing his duty, his work?
 Nobody—for his destiny is written
 In the book of the future; he must
 Fulfill his undertaking without fear.
 When he comes, blood will run in the
 Streets, death will speak in darkness,
 And all creation will be amid destruction.

xviii.

America, America, you are young!
 You have not had your tyrant,
 You have not had your king,
 Your emperor! You must go through
 The same stages of society that other
 Nations have gone through, for nature
 Has a commandment for you just as she
 Has for Greece, Rome, Italy, and France.
 Dukes, Empresses, queens princes, and princesses
 You must have—you will have them.
 What! America, you will have a Soviet Republic?
 No, you will have a Napoleonic maniac!

xix.

There are going to be three disturbances
 That will cause this man of the future
 To be known, whereupon he will gain
 The influence of the world; they
 Will be a religious conflict, an economic unrest,

And a racial riot that will
Finally become the greatest revolution that
The world has ever known. Herein
Will step the Napoleonic American!
Cannon will come from his feet,
Fire from his mouth, gas from his
Ears, and bullets from his hands.

xx.

Then will come desolation, the crumbling of cities,
The downfall of various religions,
And the annihilation of socialism,
Extermination of republicanism, the
Destruction of the Democratic Party,
While to overturn, upset, subvert,
Tear and shake, suppress and consume,
Will, in the name of devastation, sweep,
Smash, break up, and tear to tatters,
All institutions, beliefs, doctrines,
Philosophies; death will sprout from every
Place on the earth, whose seeds will be hell.



